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The Mercury.

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NEWPORT, R. I.

THE NEWPORT MERCURY was established in June, 1758, and is now in its one hundred and fifty-seventh year. It is the oldest newspaper in the Union and, with less than half a dozen exceptions, the oldest printed in the English language. It is a large quarto weekly of forty-eight columns filled with interesting reading—editorial, State, local and general news, well selected miscellany and valuable farmers' and household departments. Reaching so many households in this and other states, the limited space given to advertising is very valuable to business men.

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Specimen copies sent free, and special terms given advertisers by addressing the publisher.

Local Matters.

The Mercury Atlas.

One of the most useful books published this year is the

Mercury Handy Atlas.

It is peculiarly useful at this time when the great war in Europe is going on. It shows all the countries now engaged in this great conflict, the size and location of all the principal towns and cities of the Old World, as well as the location and population of all the towns and cities in the United States. It contains new maps of each State and Territory in the United States and of every country in the world. It also has a large full sheet map of Massachusetts, Rhode Island and Connecticut. The size of this map is 20x34 inches, and is beautifully colored. This useful Atlas retails for one dollar, but is given by the MERCURY OFFICE absolutely free to every new subscriber to the MERCURY for one year, and to every old subscriber paying one year subscription in advance. Now is the time to get a valuable book for nothing.

Board of Aldermen.

The monthly meeting of the board of aldermen was held on Tuesday evening, when bills were approved and ordered paid as follows:

Board of Health	$1,315 00
City Asylum	433 53
Fire department	1,218 78
Highways and bridges	
Weights and measures	2 80
Public sanitation	1,037 85
Docks and wharves	8 00
Supervision	285 69
Non-appropriated	161 69
Police department	811 37
Poor department	387 03
Parks	405 35
School department	773.10
Mayor's office	4 00
Council and aldermen	177 00
City clerk	13 28
City treasurer	61 45
Tax assessors	2 60
Tax collector	49 41
Probate clerk	28 55
Inspector of plumbing	28 25
Inspector of buildings	1 00
City engineer	4 00
T. J. O'Connell	75
Recreation committee	82 49
License Commission	12 00
Fire department re-organization committee	106 91
Fire department report	329 16
New police station	5,191 75
Lighting streets	3,112 81
City Hall	553 81
Elections	1,063 32
Hospital sick	441 00
Tuberculosis relief	111 60
Hospital ambulance	15 00
Advertising	142 14
Indexing and preservation of records	198 00
Courts	148 55
Lily Pond fence	5 00
New powder house	6 00
Moving stone crusher	2 00
Widening Bath road	90
Miscellaneous, public safety	3 15
Burial ground funds, Island cemetery	59 50
Touro Synagogue	406 46
Touro Ministerial and Cemetery fund	300 00
Dog fund	31 00
Police department	166 66
Streets and highways	13,033 39

The board voted to grant the request directing the architect for the new Clarke school to appear before the school committee and explain the plans for the school. The committee on construction of the addition to the Coggeshall school went over the requests of the school committee for items to complete the building and said that it did not feel justified in going ahead with some of them without instruction from the board. The exact wishes of the school committee will be ascertained before going ahead any further.

Mr. J. Borden Harriman, well known in Newport, died in Washington on Tuesday after a long illness. He was a brother of Mr. Herbert M. Harriman who owns a cottage on Clay street.

The annual memorial service for deceased members of Canonchet Lodge, No. 1339, G. U. O. O. F., was held in the Lodge room last Sunday afternoon.

Captain B. Frank Macomber of Tiverton has been in Newport on business this week.

The New Fire Department.

By the action of the taxpayers on Tuesday, Newport becomes bound to the re-organization of the fire department. This was one of the most important matters involved in the city election, as it contemplates a complete change of buildings, equipment, and organization. The voters expressed their approval of the recommendations of the committee, headed by Dr. H. P. Beck, and it will now be up to the representative council and board of aldermen to carry them into effect.

The changes will be extensive. The No. 1 fire station on Mill street, now occupied by a steamer and hose wagon; No. 2, on Bridge street, with the same equipment; No. 6, on lower Thames street, now occupied by Combination hose and chemical No. 2; No. 8, on Young street, now occupied by a hose reel; and Hook & Ladder station No. 1, on Long wharf, will be permanently closed, and the buildings and land disposed of at public auction. The present headquarters building on Marlboro street, No. 4 station on Equality park, No. 5 station on Touro street, No. 7 station on Young street, and No. 3 station on Coggeshall avenue, will be more or less extensively remodeled to fit them for the accommodation of centralized motor apparatus.

Steamers No. 1, 2 and 7, together with other horse drawn apparatus, except steamers No. 4 and 5 are to be disposed of if possible. Steamers 4 and 5, are to be held in reserve. To take the places of this discarded apparatus, the city is to purchase 3 combination pumping engines, at $8,500; 2 combination chemical and hose cars, at $5,500 each; 2 chassis for the present hook and ladder equipment at $4,850 each; one auto truck with tractor bar, at $2000; and 1 car for deputy chief at $1000. All the new apparatus is to be of the automobile type, all horse drawn apparatus being eliminated. Inasmuch as the committee recommended the LaFrance apparatus, and as the voters approved the recommendations of the committee, it seems that that is the style that will be purchased. This was one point that was used against the proposition. It was admitted that the LaFrance was a good make and that it would be desirable to have all the equipment of the same kind, but many thought it undesirable to specify one make without competition in price.

The new central station or headquarters will be in the present headquarters building on Marlboro street, which will have extensive repairs to accommodate additional apparatus. This station will have one combination pumping engine, one combination chemical and hose wagon, the two combined carrying 2200 feet of hose; one hook and ladder truck; the heavy auto truck; and the Chief's car.

At Station No. 7 on Young street will be kept one combination pumping engine, one combination chemical and hose wagon, the two combined carrying 2200 feet of hose; and one hook and ladder truck.

At Station No. 4, on Equality park, there will be one combination pumping engine, carrying 1200 feet of hose; also the present No. 4 steamer as reserve apparatus.

At Station No. 5, on Touro street, will be one combination hose and chemical wagon, carrying 1100 feet of hose; also the present No. 5 steamer as reserve apparatus.

At Station No. 3, on Coggeshall avenue, will be one combination hose and chemical wagon carrying 1100 feet of hose.

It will be noted that the three auto pumpers carry their own hose, doing away with the present reels. The chemical combinations are similar to those now in service. They carry sufficient hose for hydrant streams and also the large chemical tanks which extinguish the greater number of incipient fires.

There are also provisions for the purchase of various small supplies and equipment, and for the purchase and regular inspection of hose.

Extensive changes are also to be made in the personnel of the department. The old board of firewards disappears, their places being filled by one chief and one deputy chief. There will be three captains, one to each pumper, who will have charge of the station. There will be a chief electrician, in charge of the fire alarm telegraph; and one mechanician in charge of all automobile apparatus, who will operate the pumper at headquarters. The total permanent force will comprise 31 men including the above, and also four men to each combination pumper, two men to each chemical combination except at Station 3 where there will be only one: three men to each hook & ladder truck; a second man for the fire alarm; and two men for relief on days off. The total call force will number 54 men, six to each combination pumper, five to each combination chemical, and eight to each hook & ladder. Every permanent man will be required to prepare to serve in any capacity in the department.

This is the gist of the recommendation that has been approved by the people. It is presumed that steps will be taken as soon as possible to carry the recommendations into effect.

School Committee

There was a special meeting of the school committee on Monday evening, called for the purpose of looking over the plans for the new Clarke school, which had been submitted to the committee by the board of aldermen. The examination of the plans was not altogether satisfactory as the architect was not present to explain them, and there were many questions that members of the committee wished to ask. The architect had been requested to be present, but had not complied, and the committee decided to request the board of aldermen to instruct the architect to meet with the committee and explain the plans and specifications.

A communication was received from the city clerk stating that the board of aldermen was ready to turn over the addition to the Coggeshall school to the school department. There were several matters that the committee wanted in connection with this addition, including further wiring, the fitting of storm sash, and the purchase of a piano. Inasmuch as there is a considerable balance left from the amount voted by the taxpayers for the addition the committee felt that some of it might be well used for these necessary purposes instead of asking the representative council for a new appropriation.

Recent Deaths.

Miss Caroline A. Green.

Miss Caroline A. Green, one of the oldest residents of Newport, died at her home on Bridge street on Monday evening, in her ninety-third year. She was a daughter of Peleg and Sarah Wood Green, and was born on Washington street. She had always made her home in the "Point" section of the city. After her mother's death she lived in the old Green homestead on Bridge street, with her aunt, Miss Amanda Green, who died a few years ago at a very advanced age. She leaves but two relatives, cousins, Mrs. Abby Crandall and Mrs. Caroline V. Ladd.

Funeral services were held at her late residence on Bridge street on Thursday afternoon, at 2 o'clock, and were attended by a large gathering of friends.

There was some public speaking in the municipal campaign. Mr. Burlingame having a number of rallies, at which he was the principal speaker. The largest meeting was at the Colonial Theatre on Sunday evening, when a large crowd completely filled the house. Mr. Burlingame was the only speaker, and he told of the difficulties of carrying on the campaign alone, and of what he hoped to do for the betterment of the city if he should be elected.

A new theatre for Newport is still being talked of, and some assert that it will soon take definite form.

Election of Officers.

Excelsior Lodge, No. 49, I. O. O. F.

Noble Grand—Frederick A. Watson.
Vice Grand—Charles B. Crandall.
Recording Secretary—Perry B. Bawley.
Financial Secretary—Allen C. Griffith.
Treasurer—Joseph B. Pike.
Trustees—George C. Lawton, J. Roswell Chase, William H. Sisson.
Organist—Geo. S. Stoddard.

Newport Camp, No. 7677, Modern Woodmen of America.

Venerable Consul—Frank J. Cinq-Mars.
Worthy Adviser—Norman C. Walstead.
Clerk—David A. Lawton.
Banker—Charles F. Williams.
Escort—Harry Bawson.
Physician—Douglas P. A. Jacoby, M. D.
Watchman—S. A. Leuba.
Sentry—William A. Freeborne.
Manager, for three years—Thomas Knott.

By-the-Sea Aerie, Fraternal Order of Eagles.

Worthy Past President—William J. Hug
Worthy President—Thomas Hardy.
Worthy Vice President—R. J. Walsh.
Worthy Chaplain—John H. Steele.
Worthy Secretary—William Goodman.
Worthy Treasurer—John P. Moy.
Worthy Conductor—M. S. Ronan.
Inner Guard—P. Fitzgerald.
Outer Guard—J. Kerins.
Trustees—For three years, A. Kratzert; for two years, A. Greavis; for one year, G. DeFray.
Aerie Physician—F. A. Keenan, M. D.

Lawton-Warren Post, No. 5, Grand Army.

of the Republic.
Commander—William S. Bailey.
Senior Vice Commander—William S. Slocum.
Junior Vice Commander—Frank P. Gomes.
Chaplain—John T. Delano.
Quartermaster—Andrew K. McMahon.
Surgeon—Robert Cradle.
Officer of the Day—A. Judson Barker.
Officer of the Guard—Theodore H. Hudson.
Patriotic Instructor—John T. Delano.
Delegates to Department Encampment—William H. Crandall, William S. Slocum.
Alternates—A. Judson Barker, James Melvin.
Trustees—William S. Bailey, Andrew K. McMahon, Charles H. Clarke.
Auditing Committee—William S. Slocum, Edwin H. Tilley, Frank P. Gomes.
Finance committee—William S. Slocum, Frank P. Gomes, John T. Delano.

Esther Rebekah Lodge, No. 5, I.O.O.F.

Noble Grand—Evelyn Honeywell.
Vice Grand—Minnie Crandall.
Recording Secretary—Mabel Crandall.
Financial Secretary—Alice Pinkham.
Treasurer—Melissa Bishop.
Trustees—Hannah Dodge, Marjorie Holt, Herbert Barker.

Burlingame Elected Mayor.

In the city election on Tuesday, Postmaster Robert S. Burlingame was elected Mayor over Mayor Patrick J. Boyle by a plurality of 140, in about the largest vote ever cast in a city election. Much interest was taken in the mayoralty contest, but the size of the vote was probably increased somewhat by the efforts of both sides on the question of re-organization of the fire department. The interest in this matter was so keen that it probably brought many to the polls, who otherwise would have stayed away. The proposition was approved by over 500 plurality, every ward but the fifth being registered in favor. Aside from this there were few changes. Mr. William R. Harvey displaced Mr. Charles F. Gifford on the school committee, and the board of aldermen remains the same. There is not much change in the make-up of the representative council, although it appears that the Republicans have made some gains, especially in the first ward. Of course it is a horrible crime to mention the word Republican in connection with a city election, but there seems to be no other way to designate the two factions who divide along party lines in the election of city officers.

Tuesday was a beautiful day for election. The vote came out steadily all day, being comparatively free from rush times. There were many workers at all the polling places, and little cards with admonitions to vote for certain candidates were thrust into the voters' hands as they entered the ward rooms. In most cases they were crushed into their overcoat pockets without a glance. It appeared that most peope had made up their minds before they went to vote, and those that had not, found it a hard task to pick out the right number to vote for after entering the booth.

When returns began to come in the evening, there was a large crowd on the streets to learn the result. The early reports indicated the election of Mr. Burlingame, and these were finally confirmed. The fourth ward was the last to report, the whole ticket being counted in that ward before the result for any office was announced. In the other wards the vote for Mayor was counted first.

The first returns from the wardens indicated that Charles F. Gifford was re-elected to the school committee and that Miss Hunter had been defeated, but the aldermanic recount found a big discrepancy in the second ward straight through the ticket with the exception of Mayor and this revealed the election of Miss Hunter to the fourth place on the school committee.

The board of aldermen began the big task of counting the ballots on Wednesday, and had the job practically completed late Thursday night. Both City Clerk Fullerton and Deputy City Clerk Callahan took a hand in the counting, and this made it go faster than usual. The second ward error made a considerable change in the figures reported by the wardens, but the only change in the result was on the school committee, as stated. The plurality of Michael F. Kelly in the fifth ward was cut down to 60 over James McLeish and this was so close that Mr. McLeish demanded another recount, which was begun Friday morning.

The figures given below are those of the aldermanic count for Mayor, school committee and representative council, and the wardens figures for the board of aldermen:

FOR MAYOR.

	Boyle	Burlingame
Ward 1, District 1	218	542
District 2	108	60
District 3	47	60
Ward 2, District 1	509	708
District 2	86	93
Ward 3, District 1	505	401
District 2	79	6
Ward 4, District 1	459	520
Ward 5, District 1	507	212
District 2	89	10
Total	2558	2316

Plurality for Burlingame, 140.

FOR SCHOOL COMMITTEE.

	1	2	3	4	5	Total
Darrah	671	583	643	502	537	2809
Gifford	341	537	329	533	475	1917
Harvey	425	803	517	574	234	2556
Miss Hunter	491	691	458	520	193	2103
Porter	556	745	428	370	245	2161
Reddy	317	258	346	430	629	1570

Elected: Dr. R. E. Darrah, Mr. Wm. R. Harvey, Dr. E. H. Porter, Miss Annie P. Hunter.

FOR ALDERMEN.

First Ward.

Asher	157	130	166	173	241	897
Hanley	371	365	345	362	254	1585
Kavanagh	112	95	77	158	171	604

Plurality for W. A. Hanley, 771.

Second Ward.

Kirby	403	631	344	452	590	2060
Thompson	214	356	256	197	155	1177

Plurality for J. J. Kirby, 883.

Third Ward.

Hughes	574	379	557	455	400	2065
Jones	365	203	279	212	132	1191

Plurality for F. J. Hughes, 874.

Fourth Ward.

Lawton	107	84	81	70	72	414
Leddy	308	330	449	253	505	1855
Pember	169	208	113	171	90	751
Watts	10	8	15	33	30	111

Plurality for J. E. Leddy, 1097.

Fifth Ward.

Anthony	77	65	67	52	14	285
Brown	77	12	38	13	16	103
Flynn	118	135	163	220	231	868
Kelly	135	172	159	223	251	1112
McLeish	157	289	221	156	123	987

Plurality for M. F. Kelly, 125.

REORGANIZATION OF FIRE DEPARTMENT.

Yes	332	413	365	313	210	1593
No	253	262	193	257	371	1371

Plurality in favor, 522.

FOR REPRESENTATIVE COUNCIL.

First Ward.

Elected: 1, William Brightman, 347. 2, Fred E. Lawton, 341. 3, F. S. Bachelier, 300. 4, H. V. Easton, 297. 5, William J. Carr, 289. 6, John F. Adams, 275. 7, William J. Christmas, 269. 8, G. M. Dattene, 262. 9, Thomas E. Sherman, 257. 10, Thomas A. Hackett, 254. 11, C. S. Braman, 250. 12, W. F. Barker, 246. 13, Herbert C. Lawton, 244.

Not elected: 14, J. O. Barker, 243. 15, J. Y. Sullivan, 234. 16, W. F. Collins, 225. 17, A. W. Brown, 229. 18, J. A. Gillis, 220. 19, D. J. Curran, 217. 20, J. F. Hayes, 193. 21, T. C. Freeborn, 193. 22, Joseph Brown, 187. 23, J. W. F. Powers, 176. 24, R. S. Langley, 152. 25, Leon M. Shaw, 149. 26, J. A. Maguire, 114. 27, Jacob Mirman, 98. 28, B. Gerbeville, 72. 29, A. Nelson, 31.

Second Ward.

Elected: 1, William G. Landers, 566. 2, George W. Barlow, 563. 3, Francis S. Barker, 560. 4, Harold A. Peckham, 540. 5, Charles S. Plummer, 518. 6, John W. Gibson, 506. 7, Benjamin T. White, 504. 8, John H. Scannevin, 489. 9, George W. Fludder, 475. 10, William G. Kerr, 469. 11, Edward O. Riggs, 441. 12, W. A. Stoddard, 430. 13, William C. Lawton, 426.

Not elected: 14, George Melville, 400. 15, E. L. Boone, 381. 16, Harry D. Wood, 356. 17, N. Thomas Hodson, 272. 18, Eugene I. Brown, 264. 19, Edward P. Lake, 255. 20, W. L. I. Dillon, 245. 21, Isbon S. Congdon, 240.

Elected for two years to fill vacancy: William H. Jackson, 359.

Elected for one year to fill vacancy: Max Levy, 472.

Third Ward.

Elected: 1, James P. Cozzens, 359. 2, George B. Austin, 353. 3, William A. Sherman, 345. 4, Edward T. Bosworth, 2nd, 334. 5, D. P. A. Jacoby, 332. 6, T. I. H. Powel, 316. 7, George H. Draper, 313. 8, Henry T. Harvey, Jr., 309. 9, George W. Sherman, 281. 10, Abiram F. Squire, 272. 11, Gustave A. Muenchinger, 268. 12, William Champion, 257. 13, Edwin P. Robinson, 253.

Not elected: 14, Isaac W. Barker, 239. 15, George D. Ramsay, 221. 16, John R. Purcell, 205. 17, Edward A. Hassard, 204. 18, Geoffrey King, 199. 19, Alfred Koschny, 198. 20, C. H. Rogers, 187. 21, E. Coggeshall, 176. 22, H. J. Campbell, 100. 23, T. Vietri, 52. 24, Augustus Springett, 44.

Fourth Ward.

Elected: 1, George Gordon King, 421. 2, Bruce Butterton, 392. 3, James J. Dugan, 369. 4, Frederick S. G. Trager, 322. 5, John P. Casey, 316. 6, Edward J. Toomey, 314. 7, William F. Carney, 308. 8, Patrick J. Burns, 304. 9, Francis J. Harrington, 286. 10, Robert L. Nolan, 283. 11, Mortimer D. Sullivan, 280. 12, Daniel F. Shea, 275. 13, Roland E. Arter, 268.

Not elected: 14, A. R. Commette, 265. 15, Thomas J. Williams, 255. 16, Abraham J. Carter, 241. 17, M. F. Murray, 242. 18, Samuel A. Hilton, 218. 19, Charles O. Berghman, 218. 20, John E. Nagle, 217. 21, John J. Keenan, 207. 22, John B. Dowd, 201. 23, A. M. Marokla, 200. 24, M. Decotis, 115.

Elected for two years to fill vacancy: Michael Harrington, Jr., 329. Not elected: Henry A. Curtis, 189.

Fifth Ward.

Elected: 1, Mortimer A. Sullivan, 387. 2, Edward A. Martin, 364. 3, John F. Sullivan, 355. 4, George E. Bowman, 354. 5, James J. Hickey, 351. 6, Otto P. Voigt, 351. 7, Patrick J. Morgan, 317. 8, John S. Martin, 307. 9, Alexander R. O'Hanley, 293. 10, John E. Murray, 291. 11, Roscoe A. Cochran, 285. 12, James Collins, 272. 13, Charles H. Malley, 209.

Not elected: 14, Quinton Kane 265. 15, Thomas Maguire, 265. 16, Dennis P. O'Brien, 235. 17, Edward P. Dunn, 232. 18, James J. Stevens, 224. 19, John H. McCarthy, 221. 20, John P. Sweeney, 198. 21, Patrick J. Keenan, 189. 22, Elmer M. Beasly, 172. 23, John F. Woods, 168. 24, James T. Killelea, 140. 25, James E. Morris, 125. 26, Ernst Ottilege, 108.

The candidates for city offices to be elected by the representative council at its January meeting, are beginning to make themselves known. Hon. P. J. Murphy announces that he is a candidate for license commissioner. The term of Mr. John Mahan expires this year, and he will undoubtedly be a candidate for re-election.

Constant Smith has bought at auction the old buildings on Lopez wharf, which will be removed to clear the tract for an addition to the government landing. The buildings include the Pike stable, and the old storehouse on the north side. The price paid was $306.

The management of the Newport Hospital are having gratings placed over the windows in the wards. There have been several patients escape from there in the past few years, and the last case had a fatal termination.

The old frigate Constellation has not yet arrived from her Southern trip, and the date is somewhat uncertain, as the tug that had been assigned to tow her back here has been delayed by target practice.

George Tubley has been elected manager of the Rogers High School base ball team, and Robert Leary manager of the football team.

Mr. James J. Van Alen has gone to Havana, where he will remain for several weeks.

Anduton & Hayes have bought the fishing steamer Lawrence.

C. B. Anderson has taken up his traps for the winter.

Mr. Simon Hart is ill with pneumonia at his home.

Two Lively Fires.

The City-Bellevue laundry, on Homer street, was pretty well gutted by fire early Sunday morning. The loss is estimated at about $10,000, partially covered by insurance. The cause of the fire is not known, but it apparently started around the engine room, and had been smouldering for a long time before it was discovered.

It was about 6.30 Sunday morning that smoke was discovered coming out of the laundry building. Box 212, at Hall and Van Zandt avenue was pulled, and when the first apparatus arrived the flames were bursting through the roof. The smoke and flames could be seen from all the northern part of the city and it looked like a big fire. When the firemen arrived their first task was to make an opening for the smoke and after that it did not take long to drown out the flames. It was about an hour however before the last vestige of fire was sufficiently under control to permit the sounding of the recall. By that time the building was pretty badly burned, and some of the expensive machinery was badly heated up.

There was one accident at the fire. Frank M. Lawton of the No. 5 company was caught in the hose while laying a line from the hydrant and suffered a badly broken leg. He was removed to his home in the patrol wagon, and the fracture was set by Dr. Sweet. The knee cap was found to be broken and it will probably incapacitate him for some time.

It was fortunate that the fire occurred at the time it did as there was very little work in the building. The next day would have seen many packages there to be laundered, and the loss would have been materially increased.

There was another bad fire early Tuesday morning, this time in the Cappuccilli building on lower Thames street. This is a big four-story building, and the occupants of the tenements on the upper floors were obliged to flee to the street in their night clothes. It looked for a time as if the building must certainly be destroyed, but the greater part of the damage was confined to one store on the street floor.

The fire originated in the candy store of Tasso Brothers at 356 Thames street, probably starting in the candy kitchen. The flames burst out very suddenly, the store being a mass of flames almost at once. There had been many persons pass the spot a few minutes before when no trouble was in evidence. An alarm was sounded from box 411, and Chemical No. 2 quickly had a hydrant stream on the fire, holding the flames in check until more apparatus arrived. The tenants on the upper floors aroused and as the apartments were filling with smoke, and flame was rushing past the windows they hurried to the street without waiting to dress. Neighbors took them in, until it was possible to return to their own homes.

The fire was hot while it lasted, but the recall was sounded in about an half an hour. The candy store was completely gutted, but the adjoining store recieved practically no damage. The outside of the front of the building was badly charred, but the flames had not secured a good foothold when the water was turned on. The loss was considerable but the insurance will probably cover it.

MIDDLETOWN.

[From our regular Correspondent]

The members of Holy Cross Guild held a successful sale and chowder supper at the Guild House on Wednesday evening in spite of the bad weather, the attendance being about 100. The sale as usual was held also on Thursday, when ice cream and cake were sold in place of the supper. Mrs. Clarence Thurston, as president of the Guild, was in general charge.

St. Columba's Guild will conduct their usual Christmas sale at the Berkeley Parish House on Saturday of this week, a turkey supper being followed by a musicale to be given by the Glee Club from St. George's School. The small play, "The Awakening of the Photographs" will also form part of the program.

On Tuesday next the Epworth League, assisted by the Ladies Aid, will conduct a sale at the M. E. Church.

The Athletic Association of the M. E. Church played the Y. M. C. A. basket ball team at the Newport gymnasium on Friday evening. The Middletown team have adopted blue and white as their colors.

Deaconess Ramola Dahlgren, of Providence formerly well known in Newport, will speak on Wednesday afternoon next at Holy Cross Guild House, before the Women's Auxiliary of St. Mary's and Holy Cross Churches, upon Diocesan Mission Work. The members are privileged to invite friends.

The monthly meeting of the Women's Foreign Missionary Society was held at the M. E. Church parlors on Tuesday afternoon, Mrs. Fred Smith presiding. One of the members read an interesting letter from a New England missionary at Singapore, India, Miss Edith Anna Hemingway, with whom she has been in correspondence for the past 8 years. The study for the new year, "The Child in the Midst," by Mary Schauffler Larabee, was commenced.

THE LAST SHOT

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by FREDERICK PALMER

CHAPTER XVI.

Marking Time.

Soon after dark the attack began. Flashes from gun mouths and glowing sheets of flame from rifles made ugly revelry, while the beams of search-lights swept hither and thither. This kept up till shortly after midnight, when it died down and, where hell's concert had raged, silent darkness shrouded the hills. Marta knew that Bordir was taken without having to ask Lanstron or wait for confirmation from Westerling.

She was seated in the recess of the arbor the next morning, when she heard the approach of those regular, powerful steps whose character had become as distinct to her as those of a member of her own family. Five against three! five against three! they were saying to her; while down the pass road and the castle road ran the stream of wounded from last night's slaughter.

Posted in the drawing-room of the Galland house were the congratulations of the premier to Westerling, who had come from the atmosphere of a staff that accorded to him a military insight far above the analysis of ordinary standards. But he was too clever a man to vaunt his triumph. He knew how to carry his honors. He accepted success as his due, in a matter-of-course manner that must inspire confidence in further success.

"You were right," he said to Marta easily, pleasantly. "We did it—we did it—we took Bordir with a loss of only twenty thousand men!"

Only twenty thousand! Her revulsion at the bald statement was relieved by the memory of Lanny's word over the telephone after breakfast that the Browns had lost only five thousand. Four to one was a wide ratio, she was thinking.

"Then the end—then peace is so much nearer?" she asked.

"Very much nearer!" he answered earnestly, as he dropped on the bench beside her.

He stretched his arms out on the back of the seat and the relaxed attitude, unusual with him, brought into relief a new trait of which she had been hitherto oblivious. The conqueror had become simply a companionable man. Though he was not sitting close to her, yet, as his eyes met hers, she had a desire to move away which she knew would be unwise to gratify. She was conscious of a certain softening charm, a magnetism that she had sometimes felt in the days when she first knew him. She realized, too, that then the charm had not been mixed with the indescribable, intimate quality that it held now.

"In the midst of congratulations, after the position was taken last night," he declared, "I confess that I was thinking less of success than of its source." He bent on her a look that was warm with gratitude.

She lowered her lashes before it; before gratitude that made her part appear in a fresh angle of misery.

"There seems to be a kind of fatality about our relations," he went on, "I lay awake pondering it last night." His tone held more than gratitude. It had the elation of discovery.

"He is going to make it harder than I ever guessed!" echoed her own thought, in a flutter of confusion.

"Yes, it was strange our meeting on the frontier in peace and then in war!" she exclaimed at random. The sound of the remark struck her as too subdued; as expectant, when her purpose was one of careless deprecation.

"I have met a great many women as you may have imagined," he proceeded. "They have passed in review. They were simply women, witty and frail or dull and beautiful, and one meant no more to me than another. Nothing meant anything to me except my profession. But I never forgot you. You planted something in mind: a memory of real companionship."

"Yes, I made the prophecy that came true!" she put in. This ought to bring him back to himself and his ambitions, she thought.

"Yes!" he exclaimed, his body stiffening free of the back of the seat. "You realized what was in me. You foresaw the power which was to be mine. The fate that first brought us together made me look you up in the capital. Now it brings us together here on this bench after all that has passed in the last twenty-four hours."

She realized that he had drawn perceptibly nearer. She wanted to rise and cry out: "Don't do this! Be the chief of staff, the conqueror, crushing the earth with the tread of five against three!" It was the conqueror whom she wanted to trick, not a man whose earnestness was painting her deceit blacker. Far from rising, she made no movement at all; only looked at her hands and allowed him to go on, conscious of the force of a personality that mastered men and armies now warm and appealing in the full tide of another purpose.

"The victory that I was thinking of last night was not the taking of Bordir. It was finer than any victory in war. It was selfish—not for army and country, but born of a human weakness triumphant; a human weakness of which my career had robbed me," he continued. "It gave me a joy that even the occupation of the Browns' capital could not give. I had come as an invader and I had won your confidence."

"In a cause!" she interrupted hurriedly, wildly, to stop him from going further, only to find that her intuition was such that it was drawing him on.

"That fatality seemed to be working itself out to the soldier so much older than yourself in renowned youth, in another form of ambition. I hoped that there was more than the cause that led you to trust me. I hoped—"

Was he testing her? Was he playing a part of his own to make certain that she was not playing one? She looked up swiftly for answer. There was no gainsaying what she saw in his eyes. It was beating into hers with the power of an overwhelming masculine passion and a maturity of intellect as his egoism admitted a comrade to its throne. Such is ever the way of a man in the forties when the clock strikes for him. But who could know better the craft of courtship than one of Westerling's experience? He was fighting for victory; to gratify a desire.

"I did not expect this—I—" the words escaped tumultuously and chokingly.

He was bending so close to her that she felt his breath on her cheek burning hot, and she was sickeningly conscious that he was locking her over in that point-by-point manner which she had felt across the tea-table at the hotel. This horrible thing in his glance she had sometimes seen in strangers on her travels, and it had made her think that she was wise to carry a little revolver. She wanted to strike him.

"Confess! Confess!" called all her own self-respect. "Make an end to your abasement!"

"Confession, after the Browns have given up Bordir! Confession that makes Lanny, not Westerling, your dupe!" came the reply, which might have been telegraphed into her mind from the high, white forehead of Partow bending over his maps. "Confession, betraying the cause of the right against the wrong; the three to the conquering five! No! You are in the thing. You may not retreat now."

For a few seconds only the duel of argument thundered in her temples—seconds in which her lips were parted and quivering and her eyes dilated with an agitation which the man at her side could interpret as he pleased. A prompting devil—a devil roused by that thing in his eyes—urging a finesse in double-dealing which only devils understand, made her lips hypnotically turn in a smile, her eyes soften, and sent her hand out to Westerling in a trancelike gesture. For an instant it rested on his arm with telling pressure, though she felt it burn with shame at the point of contact.

"We must not think of that now," she said. "We must think of nothing personal; of nothing but your work until your work is done!"

The prompting devil had not permitted a false note in her voice. Her very pallor, in fixity of idea, served her purpose. Westerling drew a deep breath that seemed to expand his whole being with greater appreciation of her. Yet that harried hunger, the hunger of a beast, was still in his glance.

"This is like you—like what I want you to be!" he said. "You are right." He caught her hand, inclosing it entirely in his grip, and she was sensible, in a kind of dazed horror, of the thrill of his strength. "Nothing can stop us! Numbers will win! Hard fighting in the mercy of a quick end!" he declared with his old rigidity of five against three which was welcome to her. "Then," he added—"and then—"

"Then!" she repeated, averting her glance. "Then—" There the devil ended the sentence and she withdrew her hand and felt the relief of one escaping suffocation, to find that he had realized that anything further during that interview would be banality and was rising to go.

"I don't feel decent!" she thought. "Society turned on Minna for a human weakness, but I—I'm not a human being! I am one of the pawns of the machine of war!"

Walking slowly with lowered head as she left the arbor, she almost ran into Bouchard, who apologized with the single word "Pardon!" as he lifted his cap in overcome courtesy, which his stolid brevity made the more conspicuous.

"Miss Galland, you seem lost in abstraction," he said in sudden loquacity. "I am almost on the point of accusing you of being a poet."

"Accusing!" she replied. "Then you must think that I would write bad poetry."

"On the contrary, I should say excellent—using the sonnet form," he returned.

"I might make a counter accusation, only that yours would be the epic form," answered Marta. "For you, too, seem fond of rambling."

There was a veiled challenge in the hawk eyes, which she met with commonplace politeness in hers, before he again lifted his cap and proceeded on his way.

* * * * * * *

For the next two weeks Marta's role resolved itself into a kind of routine. Their cramped quarters became a refuge to Marta in the trial of her secret work under the very nose of the staff. With little Clarissa Eileen they formed the only feminine society in the neighborhood. On sunshiny days Mrs. Galland was usually to be found in her favorite chair outside the tower door; and here Minna set the urn on a table at four-thirty as in the old days.

"I'm Not a Human Being."

No member of the staff was more frequently present at Marta's teas than Bouchard, who was developing his social instinct late in life by sitting in the background and allowing others to do the talking while he watched and listened. In his hearing, Marta's attitude toward the progress of the war was sympathetic but never interrogatory, while she shared attention with Clarissa Eileen, who was in danger of becoming spoiled by officers who had children of their own at home. After the reports of killed and wounded, which came with such appalling regularity, it was a relief to hear of the day's casualties among Clarissa's dolls. The chief of transportation and supply rode her on his shoulder; the chief of tactics played hide-and-seek with her; the chief engineer built her a doll house of stones with his own hands; and the chief medical officer was as concerned when she caught cold as if the health of the army were at stake.

"We mustn't get too set up over all this attention, Clarissa Eileen, my rival," said Marta to the child. "You are the only little girl and I am the only big girl within reach. If there were lots of others it would be different."

Bouchard was losing flesh; his eyes were sinking deeper under a heavier frown. His duty being to get information, he was gaining none. His duty being to keep the Grays' secrets, there was a leak somewhere in his own department. He quizzed subordinates; he made abrupt transfers, to no avail.

Meanwhile, the Grays were taking the approaches to the main line of defense, which had been thought relatively immaterial but had been found shrewdly placed and their vulnerability overestimated. The thunders of batteries hammering them became a routine of existence, like the passing of trains to one living near a railroad. The guns went on while tea was being served; they ushered in dawn and darkness; they were going when sleep came to those whom they later awakened with a start. Fights as desperate as the one around the house became features of this period, which was only a warming-up practice for the war demon before the orgy of impending assault on the main line.

Marta began to realize the immensity of the chessboard and of the forces engaged in more than the bare statement of numbers and distances. If a first attack on a position failed, the wires from the Galland house repeated their orders to concentrate more guns and attack again. In the end the Browns always yielded, but grudgingly, calculatingly, never being taken by surprise. The few of them who fell prisoners said, "God with us! We shall win in the end!" and answered no questions. Gradually the Gray army began to feel that it was battling with a mystery which was fighting under cover, falling back under cover—a tenacious, watchful mystery that sent sprays of death into every finger of flesh that the Grays thrust forward in assault.

"Another position taken. Our advance continues," was the only news that Westerling gave to the army, his people, and the world, which forgot its sports and murders and divorce cases in following the progress of the first great European war for two generations. He made no mention of the costs; his casualty lists were secret. The Gray hosts were sweeping forward as a slow, irresistible tide; this by Partow's own admission. He announced the loss of a position as promptly as the Grays its taking. He published a daily list of casualties so meager in contrast to their own that the Grays thought it false; he made known the names of the killed and wounded to their relatives. Yet the seeming candor of his press bureau included no straw of information of military value to the enemy.

Westerling never went to tea at the Gallands' with the other officers, for it was part of his cultivation of greatness to keep aloof from his subordinates. His meetings with Marta happened casually when he went out into the garden. Only once had he made any reference to the "And then" of their interview in the arbor.

"I am winning battles for you!" he had exclaimed with the thing in his eyes which she loathed.

To her it was equivalent to saying that she had tricked him into sending men to be killed in order to please her. She despised herself for the way he confided in her; yet she had to go on keeping his confidence, returning a tender glance with one that held out hope. She learned not to shudder when he spoke of a loss of "only ten thousand." In order to rally herself when she grew faint-hearted to her task, she learned to picture the lines of his face hard-set with five-against-three brutality; while in comfort he ordered multitudes to death, and, in contrast, to recall the smile of Dellarme, who asked his soldiers to undergo no risk that he would not share. And after every success he would remark that he was so much nearer Engadir, that position of the main line of defense whose weakness she had revealed.

"Your Engadir!" he came to say. "Then we shall again profit by your information; that is, unless they have fortified since you received it."

"They haven't. They had already fortified!" she thought. She was always seeing the mockery of his words in the light of her own knowledge and her own part, which never escaped her consciousness. One chamber of her mind was acting for him; a second chamber was perfectly aware that the other was acting.

"One position more—the Twin Boulder Redoubt, it is called," he announced at last. "We shall not press hard in front. We shall drive in masses on either side and storm the flanks."

This she was telephoning to Lanstron a few minutes later and having, in return, all the news of the Browns. The sheer fascination of knowing what both sides were doing exerted its spell in keeping her to her part.

"They've lost four hundred thousand men now, Lanny," she said.

"And we only a hundred thousand. We're whittling them down," answered Lanstron.

"Whittling them down! What a ghastly expression!" she gasped. "You are as bad as Westerling and I am worse than either of you! I—I announced the four hundred thousand as if they were a score—a score in a game in our favor. I am helping, Lanny! All my sacrifice isn't for nothing?" she asked for the hundredth time.

"Immeasurably. You have saved us many lives!" he replied.

"And cost them many?" she asked.

"Yes, Marta, no doubt," he admitted; "but no more than they would have lost in the end. It is only the mounting up of their casualties that can end the war. Thus the lesson must be taught."

"And I can be of most help when the attack on the main defense is begun?"

"Yes."

"And when Westerling finds that my information is false about Engadir—then—"

She had never put the question to him in this way before. What would Westerling do if he found her out? "My God, Marta!" he exclaimed. "If I'd had any sense I would have thought of that in the beginning and torn out the 'phone! I've been mad, mad with the one thought of the nation—inhuman in my greedy patriotism. I will not let you go any further!"

It was a new thing for her to be rallying him; yet this she did as the strange effect of his protest on the abnormal sensibilities that her acting had developed.

"Thinking of me—little me!" she called back. "Of one person's comfort when hundreds of thousands of other women are in terror; when the destiny of millions is at stake! Lanny, you are in a blue funk!" and she was laughing forcedly and hectically. "I'm going on—going on like one in a trance who can't stop if he would. It's all right, Lanny. I undertook the task myself. I must see it through!"

After she had hung up the receiver her buoyancy vanished. She leaned against the wall of the tunnel weakly. Yes, what if she were found out? She was thinking of the possibility seriously for the first time. Yet, for only a moment did she dwell upon it before she dismissed it in sudden reaction.

"No matter what they do to me or what becomes of me!" she thought. "I'm a lost soul, anyway. The thing is to serve as long as I can—and then I don't care!"

CHAPTER XVII.

Thumbs Down for Bouchard.

Haggard and at bay, Bouchard faced the circle of frowns around the polished expanse of that precious heirloom, the dining-room table of the Gallands. The dreaded reckoning of the apprehensions which kept him restlessly awake at night had come at the next staff council after the fall of the Twin Boulder Redoubt. With the last approach to the main line of defense cleared, one chapter of the war was finished. But the officers did not manifest the elation that the occasion called for, which is not saying that they were discouraged. They had no doubt that eventually the Grays would dictate peace in the Browns' capital. Exactly stated, their mood was one of repressed professional irritation. Not until the third attempt was Twin Boulder Redoubt taken. As far as results were concerned, the nicely planned first assault might have been a stroke of strategy by the Browns to drive the Grays into an impassable fire zone.

"The trouble is we are not informed!" exclaimed Turcas, opening his thin lips even less than usual, but twisting them in a significant manner as he gave his words a rasping emphasis. The others hastened to follow his lead with equal candor.

"Exactly. We have no reports of their artillery strength, which we had greatly underestimated," said the chief of artillery.

"Our maps of their forts could not be less correct if revealed to us for purposes of deceit. Again and again we have thought that we had them surprised, only to be surprised ourselves. In short, they know what we are doing and we don't know what they are doing!" said the tactical expert.

There the chief of the aerostatic division took the defensive.

"They certainly don't learn our plans with their planes and dirigibles!" he declared energetically.

"Hardly, when we never see them over our lines."

"The Browns are acting on the defensive in the air as well as on the earth!"

"But our own planes and dirigibles bring little news," said Turcas. "I mean, those that return," he added pungently.

"And few do return. My men are not wanting in courage!" replied the chief aerostatic officer. "Immediately we get over the Brown lines the Browns, who keep cruising to and fro, are on us like hawks. They risk anything to bring us down. When we descend low we strike the fire of their high-angle guns, which are distributed the length of the frontier. I believe both their aerial fleet and their high-angle artillery were greatly underestimated. Finally, I cannot reduce my force too much in scouting or they might take the offensive."

"Another case of not being informed!" concluded Turcas, returning grimly to his point.

He looked at Bouchard, and every one began looking at Bouchard. If the Gray tacticians had been outplayed by their opponents, if their losses for the ground gained exceeded calculations, then it was good to have a scapegoat for their professional mistakes. Bouchard was Westerling's choice for chief of intelligence. His blind loyalty was pleasing to his superior, who, hitherto, had promptly silenced any suggestion of criticism by repeating that the defensive always appeared to the offensive to be better informed than itself. But this time Westerling let the conversation run on without a word of excuse for his favorite.

Each fresh reproach from the staff, whose opinion was the only god he knew, was a dagger thrust to Bouchard. At night he had lain awake worrying about the leak; by day he had sought to trace it, only to find every clew leading back to the staff. Now he was as confused in his shame as a sensitive schoolboy. Vaguely, in his distress, he heard Westerling asking a question, while he saw all those eyes staring at him.

"What information have we about Engadir?"

"I believe it to be strongly fortified!" stammered Bouchard.

"You believe! You have no information!" pursued Westerling.

"No, sir," replied Bouchard. "Nothing—nothing new!"

"We do seem to get little information," said Westerling, looking hard at Bouchard in silence—the combined silence of the whole staff.

This public reproof could have but one meaning. He should soon receive a note which would thank him politely for his services, in the stereotyped phrases always used for the purpose, before announcing his transfer to a less responsible post.

"Very little, sir!" Bouchard replied doggedly.

"There is that we had from one of our aviators whose machine came down in a smash just as he got over our infantry positions on his return," said the chief aerostatic officer. "He was in a dying condition when we picked him up, and, as he was speaking with the last breaths in his body, naturally his account of what he had seen was somewhat incoherent. It would be of use, however, if we had plans of the forts that would enable us to check off his report intelligently."

"Yet, what evidence have we that Partow or Lanstron has done more than to make a fortunate guess or show military insight?" Westerling asked. "There is the case of my own belief that Bordir was weak, which proved correct."

"Last night we got a written telegraphic staff message from the body of a dead officer of the Browns found in the Twin Boulder Redoubt," said the vice-chief, "which showed that in an hour after our plans were transmitted to our own troops for the first attack they were known to the enemy."

"That looks like a leak!" exclaimed Westerling, "a leak, Bouchard, do you hear?" He was frowning and his lips were drawn and his cheeks mottled with red in a way not pleasant to see.

Stiffening in his chair, a flash of desperation in his eye, Bouchard's bony, long hand gripped the table edge. Every one felt that a sensation was coming.

"Yes, I have known that there was a leak!" he said with hoarse, painful deliberation. "I have sent out every possible tracer. I have followed up every sort of clew. I have transferred a dozen men. I have left nothing undone!"

"With no result?" persisted Westerling impatiently.

"Yes, always the same result: That the leak is here in this house—here in the grand headquarters of the army under our very noses. I know it is not the telegraphers or the clerks. It is a member of the staff!"

"Have you gone out of your head?" demanded Westerling. "What staff-officer? How does he get the information to the enemy? Name the persons you suspect here and now! Explain, if you want to be considered sane!"

Here was the blackest accusation that could be made against an officer! The chosen men of the staff, tested through many grades before they reached the inner circle of cabinet secrecy, lost the composure of a council. All were leaning forward toward Bouchard breathless for his answer.

"There are three women on the grounds," said Bouchard. "I have been against their staying from the first. I—"

He got no further. His words were

CONTINUED ON PAGE THREE

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Children Cry
FOR FLETCHER'S
CASTORIA

THE LAST SHOT

CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWO

drowned by the outburst of one of the younger members of the staff, who had either to laugh or choke at the picture of this deep-eyed, spectral sort of man, known as a woman-hater, in his revelation of the farcical source of his suspicions.

"Why not include Clarissa Eileen?" some one asked, starting a chorus of satirical exclamations.

"How do they get through the line?"

"Yes, past a wall of bayonets?"

"When not even a soldier in uniform is allowed to move away from his command without a pass?"

"By wireless?"

"Perhaps by telepathy!"

"Unless," said the chief of the aerostatic division, grinning, "Bouchard lends them the use of our own wires through the capital and around by the neutral countries across the Brown frontier!"

"But the correct plans and location of their forts and the numbers of their heavy guns and of their planes and dirigibles—your failure to have this information is not the result of any leak from our staff since the war began," said Turcas in his dry, penetrating voice, clearing the air of the smoke of scattered explosions.

"All were staring at Bouchard again. What answer had he to this? He was in the box, the evidence stated by the prosecutor. Let him speak!

He was fairly beside himself in a paroxysm of rage and struck at the air with his clenched fist.

"——— ——— Lanstron!" he cried.

"There's no purpose in that. He can't hear you!" said Turcas, dryly as ever.

"He might, through the leak," said the chief aerostatic officer, who considered that many of his gallant subordinates had lost their lives through Bouchard's inefficiency. "Perhaps Clarissa Eileen has already telepathically wigwagged it to him."

To lose your temper at a staff council is most unbecoming. Turcas would have kept his if hit in the back by a

"In My Own Defense and for Your Aid."

fool automobilist. Westerling had now recovered his. He was again the superman in command.

"It is for you and not for us to locate the leak; yes, for you!" he said. "That is all on the subject for the present," he added in a tone of mixed pity and contempt, which left Bouchard freed from the stare of his colleagues and in the miserable company of his humiliation.

All on the subject for the present! When it was taken up again his successor would be in charge. He, the indefatigable, the over-intense, with medieval partisan fervor, who loathed in secret machines like Turcas, was the first man of the staff to go for incompetency.

"And Engadir is the key-point," Westerling was saying.

"Yes," agreed Turcas.

"So we concentrate to break through there," Westerling continued, "while we engage the whole line fiercely enough to make the enemy uncertain where the crucial attack is to be made."

"But, general, if there is any place that is naturally strong, that—" Turcas began.

"The one place where they are confident that we won't attack!" Westerling interrupted. He resented the staff's professional respect for Turcas. After a silence and a survey of the faces around, he added with sententious effect: "And I was right about Bordir!"

To this argument there could be no answer. The one stroke of generalship by the Grays, who, otherwise, had succeeded alone through repeated mass attacks, had been Westerling's hypothesis that had gained Bordir in a single assault.

"Engadir it is then!" said Turcas with the loyalty of the subordinate who makes a superior's conviction his own, the better to carry it out.

Hazily, Bouchard had heard the talk, while he was looking at Westerling and seeing him, not at the head of the council table, but in the arbor in eager appeal to Marta.

"I shall find out! I shall find out!" was drumming in his temples when the council rose; and, without a word or a backward glance, he was the first to leave the room.

When Bouchard returned to his desk he guessed the contents of the note awaiting him, but he took a long time to read its stereotyped expressions in transferring him to perfunctory duty well to the rear of the army. Then he pulled himself together and, leaden-hearted, settled down to arrange routine details for his departure, while the rest of the staff was immersed in the activity of the preparations for the attack on Engadir. He knew that he could not sleep if he lay down. So he spent the night at work. In the morning his successor, a young man whom he himself had chosen and trained, Colonel Bellini, appeared, and the fallen man received the rising man with forced official courtesy.

"In my own defense and for your aid," he said, "I show you a copy of what I have just written to General Westerling."

A brief note it was, in farewell, beginning with conventional thanks for Westerling's confidence in the past.

"I am punished for being right," it concluded. "It is my belief that Miss Galland sends news to the enemy and that she draws it from you without your consciousness of the fact. I tell you honestly. Do what you will with me."

It took more courage than any act of his life for the loyal Bouchard to dare such candor to a superior. Seeing the patchy, yellow, bloodless face drawn in stiff lines and the abysmal stare of the deep-set eyes in their bony recesses, Bellini was swept with a wave of sympathy.

"Thank you, Bouchard. You've been very fine!" said Bellini as he grasped Bouchard's hand, which was icy cold.

"My duty—my duty, in the hope that we shall kill two Browns for every Gray who has fallen— that we shall yet see them starved and besieged and crying for mercy in their capital," replied Bouchard. He saluted with a dismal, urgent formality and stalked out of the room with the tread of the ghost of Hamlet's father.

The strange impression that this farewell left with Bellini still lingered when, a few moments later, Westerling summoned him. Not alone the diffidence of a new member of the staff going into the presence accounted for the stir in his temples, as he waited till some papers were signed before he had Westerling's attention. Then Westerling picked up Bouchard's note and shook his head sadly.

"Poor Bouchard! You can see for yourself," and he handed the note to Bellini. "I should have realized earlier that it was a case for the doctor and not for reprimand. Mad! Poor Bouchard! He hadn't the ability or the resiliency of mind for his task, as I hope you have, colonel."

"I hope so, sir," replied Bellini.

"I've no doubt you have," said Westerling. "You are my choice!"

(To Be Continued.)

How Indians Sleep Warm.

The Indian, according to a writer about camp life, resorts to two methods to keep warm while asleep. If it is not unduly cold, he lights a rather large fire and warms the earth, then rakes away the coals, lies down and pulls his blanket over him. In colder weather, besides this, he heats a big boulder, covers it lightly with earth, and curls himself around it. He never wraps himself in the blanket, but uses it exclusively as a covering.

Thirteen No Hoodoo to Him.

Police Serg. John Figg, in acknowledging a presentation from his comrades in the Dover (Eng.) police force on his retirement, denied that misfortune attached to the number 13. He said he was one of a family of 13; he started work at thirteen; was 18 years in his first employment; joined the Dover police on April 13, when he was twice thirteen years old; and his family numbered 13.

Starting on the Wrong Road.

The darkest hour in any man's career is that wherein he first fancies there is an easier way of gaining a dollar than by squarely earning it.—Horace Greeley.

Salting the Wound.

Artist—"Dobbins, the critic, has roasted my picture unmercifully." His Friend—"Don't mind that fellow. He's no ideas of his own; he only repeats like a parrot what all the others say."—London Opinion.

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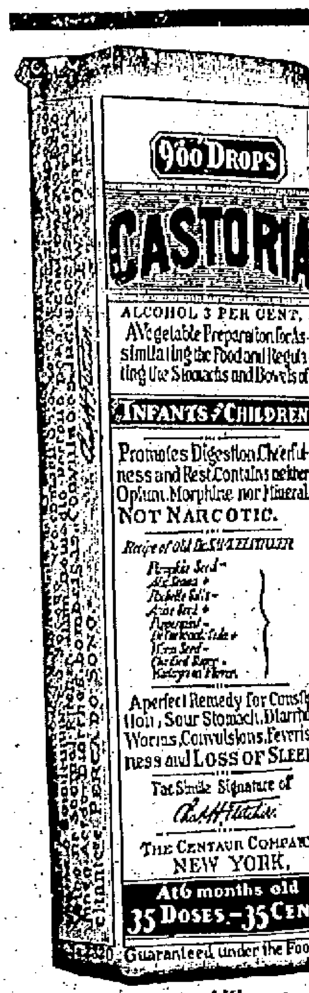

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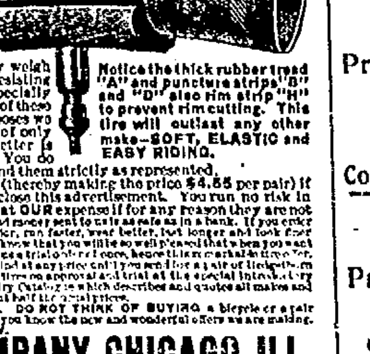

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The Mercury.

Newport, R. I.

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Saturday, December 5, 1914.

It is claimed that England has sent 1,250,000 men to France to aid the Allies against Germany.

The Attorney General rules that the insurance companies must pay the war tax, not the insured.

The Central Republican Club, organized in Providence a few days since, starts off with a good sized membership.

New Hampshire has at last honored the only President the State ever had by erecting and dedicating a monument to Franklin Pierce, President of the United States from 1853 to 1857.

Ohio has good material for the next Republican President in ex-Ambassador Herrick. New York can very well put forward Governor-elect Whitman. Either will make a strong candidate. There will be no lack of good material two years hence. From present outlook success for the Republican ticket would seem to be assured.

It is evident that many of the Democratic leaders want to get rid of Bryan. They have already selected his successor in the person of A. Mitchell Palmer of Pennsylvania. The country at large will welcome any change. The people would come pretty near giving a unanimous vote of lack of confidence for Bryan.

The Massachusetts official returns of the late election show that Walsh had a plurality over McCall for Governor of 11,815. Had it not been for the votes drawn off by the progressive crowd McCall would have had a plurality of 20,330 over Walsh. It shows that once more the progressive party has elected the Democratic candidate.

Eight cities in Massachusetts held elections on Tuesday. In most of them the mayors were re-elected. New Bedford, however, had a turnover, Mayor Ashley, who had held the office longer than Mayor Boyle in Newport, went down in defeat. All the cities voted for license except Northampton and Quincy. The majority for license in the other cities was considerably reduced.

A Western paper says: It should be remembered the Tariff principles of Lincoln, Blaine and McKinley always brought better results than the Tariff for revenue Free-Trade scheme of the Democratic party. The Republican Tariff Protection is the system that keeps the wheels of industry whirling, and they are not now whirling under the Democratic rule as they did whirl under Republican direction.

It is surprising what a wonderful effect the election of November 3d had on the business of the country. Everywhere business interests of all kinds seemed to take new courage and had bright hopes for the future. Where everything had been despondency and gloom previous, the rainbow of hope became brilliant as soon as it was discovered and that muckraking, litigation, harrassing of business and all the tentamount evils had been condemned by the people and that hereafter the reign of sanity might be expected. The administration and its policy of destruction were overwhelmingly defeated and had it not been for the European war the administration would have been utterly annihilated. The Democratic orators that before the election were "Thanking God for Wilson," are now quietly sounding the refrain, "Thank God for war in Europe."

The people of Newport have given substantial evidence of their desire for a change in the mechanical equipment of the fire department, and it is now up to the representative council and board of aldermen to carry their instructions into effect. Most people believe that the proposed plan will give the city an adequate equipment to handle all possible contingencies. There is always the bare possibility that it may develop weaknesses, but if so these can be corrected later on. At any rate the city is pledged to the plan, and it will behoove everybody to get out and push for its full development. As to the fire-fighting ability of our department there has never been a question. From the Chief down to the newest recruit every man has always done his full duty—and frequently a little more than could be strictly interpreted as duty. When a fire breaks out the first and only consideration of the men of the department is to go in and save life and property regardless of danger to themselves. The fighting spirit is always present and the men have never failed to give a good account of themselves. With more modern equipment, with more permanent men for the first skirmishers on the firing line, and with every permanent man trained to fill any position where he may be placed, but with the same gallant fighting spirit of old, Newport will continue to have a fire department to which she can well point with pride. The re-organization plan is not to be regarded as a blow in the face to the men who have so long protected Newport's interests, but rather as a reward for their labors and as an evidence of the appreciation of the people of Newport for their heroic battles of the past.

It Will Never Happen.

There is so much of futile discussion of topics unrelated to actualities or possibilities, that the flutter of talk anent the German ambassador's saying that Germany now holds itself free to make a conquest of Canada need not, perhaps, be too severely criticised. We are reminded by it, however, of that juvenile story ending by the boy with the apple saying: "Dere ain't a goin' to be no core." The conquest of Canada by Germany is neither going to be made nor attempted, now or at any time. The German militarists have demonstrated that their system is one of the highest intelligence. We need nothing more to assure us that they would not, even were there an open ocean track, and their navy in position to convoy a fleet of transport ships, with Canada an independent nationality, without any claim to British naval protection, undertake such a hopeless task. The silly question, "Is the kaiser mad?" which is not worth discussing now, would then have to be answered.

At the utmost, no transport fleet carrying men and supplies could land more than 200,000 men on Canadian shores. Once landed there they would be 3000 miles from their base. Canada has now a population of at least 8,000,000. A large majority of these are males and the males of military age are of a peculiarly strong, virile, warlike type. Canada could put 2,000,000 fighting men against the 200,000, every one of whom, it is not too much to say, has been trained in the use of firearms from early youth. There would be such deadly "sniping" from 10,000 points that the "sniping" in Belgium by men and women hardly knowing how to pull a trigger would be forgotten. It would be such deadly sniping as was once done between Boston and Lexington, Mass., on two sides of an old bridge "where once the embattled farmers stood and fired the shot heard round the world." When a second army of 200,000 men could be got across sea they would be unable to find any trace of the first one.

Once a Roman emperor, when Rome was in the full flower of her warlike glory, sent a mighty army of highly trained legionaries against raw and untrained but undaunted Germans, waiting for them in the forest around Teutoberger. The result of that adventure is told in all histories of Rome, but nowhere else so well as by Tacitus, saying that when the Roman emperor learned of the almost total destruction of his mighty force, he cried to his general: "Varus, Varus, give me back my legions." It would be strange if a German emperor could repeat such a mistake, as one certainly would do who would attempt the conquest of such a country as Canada, 3000 miles away, and two-thirds of the distance water. Such a thing would be so strange that it will never happen. Nevertheless, there is much ponderous talking "about it and about," as Omar says.

The Two Sides.

The Crown Prince of Germany says, "Germany was left no choice. From the lowest to the highest we all know that we are fighting for our existence. Since we knew that the present war was to be forced on us it became our highest duty to anticipate the struggle by every necessary and possible preparation for the defence of the Fatherland against the iron ring which our enemies have for years been carefully and steadily welding about us."

Gen. Jaffre the French Commander says: "France did not desire this war. It was thrust upon her; but now the nation is prepared for any sacrifice, and she will do her duty to the absolute end until final success crowns her efforts. This is a war for humanity and the final triumph will be ours." If neither side wanted to fight why not stop it now?

Business Boom Stories Exaggerated.

One of the largest manufacturers in New England says:

"The American press from nearly one end of the country to the other seems filled with stories of business revival. Praiseworthy as is the human instinct to be optimistic, it is only fair to state in the interest of truth that a large percentage of the daily grist on business revival is exaggeration or even something worse. It is no real service to the cause of business up-building in this country to spread stories which later developments prove to be untrue.

"The statement that 15,000 workers at the Lynn plant of General Electric were going on full time this week was most unfortunate. It gave the impression of a revival in the electrical industry which is conspicuous by its absence. Not only is it absolutely untrue that these men are going on full time, but the depression in the electrical business is the keenest since 1907 and must probably continue until new financing makes a period of general construction feasible.

"The harvest of stories on war orders for shoes is another powerful lesson of the exaggeration of real facts. So far only two New England shoe manufacturers have taken sizeable orders for army shoes. Dozens of manufacturers have been mentioned as taking orders of from 50,000 to 600,000 pairs. Unfortunately these stories are simply not true.

"What is going on in this country is that contractors and commission men are crowding to this side, getting price quotations and terms and then going back to some foreign government and trying to secure an order. This is all proper and legitimate enough, but it is well for the American manufacturer and the American optimist to remember that an order is an order only when signed and backed by substantial interests with cash to pay for what they are buying.

"The foreign buying movement is destined to grow, however, and the coming 12 months will see things that should satisfy the most exacting."

Industrial Opportunities.

George Otis Smith, Director U. S. Geological Survey says: To increase industrial prosperity this country needs to export finished rather than crude products and to import raw materials rather than manufactures. It is the product of American labor rather than the bounty of our natural resources that preferably should go into the world's markets. As the engineers of America study this matter of expansion of manufacturing, it becomes evident that the distribution of raw material and of power is the key to industrial opportunities.

The raw material resources of this country are so widely distributed that industry has been developing at this rapid pace at many points. The tendency is away from geographic centralization of industry rather than toward it. A few opportunities for expansion need only to be suggested: the South with its happy combination of coal and iron-ore in the same districts makes pig-iron production possible at minimum cost; the West with its hydro electric possibilities available as a source of relatively cheap power for chemical and metallurgical industries; the Rocky Mountain region with its vast unutilized sources of sulphuric acid and equally great unmined stores of phosphate rock.

The ingredients necessary for producing prosperity appear at hand. The new financial system already promises more mobile credits. A more sympathetic attitude of the public toward big industrial operations is indicated. The efficiency of American labor and American engineering was never questioned.

In any estimate of American ability to make the most of the present opportunities for industrial expansion, no better measure of the inventive genius of this country can perhaps be found than in a moment's review of what is making the European war so terrible. Strictly neutral may we be, yet from the heights above to the depths below we find American inventions "at the front"—the aeroplane, the magazine rifle and machine gun, the barbed wire, and the submarine and its torpedo. Can not our nation lead as well in fashioning the tools of peace as in designing the machines of war?

MIDDLETOWN.

(From Our Regular Correspondent.)

Mr. and Mrs. Wallace Farnum observed on Thanksgiving day the 41st anniversary of their marriage. Upon the same day their son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph A. Peckham, were receiving congratulations on the birth of a daughter.

At the Four Corners M. E. Church on Sunday evening, December 20, the illustrated lecture, "The First Christmas" will be given. At the session of the Sunday School the following committees were appointed for the annual Christmas festival which will be held at the Church on Christmas eve: program and music, Mrs. R. Wallace Peckham, Mrs. Isaac Peabody, Mrs. Ida M. Brown; on decoration, the classes of the pastor and of Mrs. Brown, Mr. Walter S. Barker and Mr. E. Robert Grinnell going to Tiverton as usual for the greens. The Sunday School teachers were appointed to purchase the gifts for their classes.

On Sunday evening at the Berkeley Parish House, Rev. Latta Griswold presented the stereoptican lecture, "The Boyhood Journeys of Jesus." This was preceded by a devotional service.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. L. Brown were guests Sunday, their 20th wedding anniversary, of Mr. and Mrs. Langstaff in Providence. Mrs. Langstaff was formerly Miss Tinkham a teacher for several years at the Oliphant School.

Miss M. May Ward, of Pratt Institute Brooklyn, who was called home on Thanksgiving by the serious condition of her father, Mr. A. Herbert Ward, returned Sunday. Mr. Ward continues about the same.

George L. Sisson, a student at the law school of the Boston University, spent the holidays with his parents Mr. and Mrs. Lincoln Sisson.

Miss Frances Arnold closed her summer home, "Lazy Lawn," on Saturday, and after visiting in Providence will join her sister, Mrs. Arthur Rogers at Evanston, Ill.

Rev. F. W. Goodman entertained on Monday, St. Andrew's Day, the Junior Chapter, Brotherhood of St. Andrew of Holy Cross Church by a banquet at St. Mary's Rectory. The guests found as plate souvenirs, small plaster figures emblematical of the Thanksgiving season. Each member also received a box of chocolates.

The annual election of officers resulted as follows: Director, Rev. Mr. Goodman; Vice Director, Edmund White; Secretary, George Anthony; Treasurer, George Dennis. The annual state report was prepared to be sent to headquarters. Harold Barker was appointed chairman of the debate, "Ought the allies to Win?" Jack Simmons and George Brown affirmative, and Francis Barker Underwood and Edmund White, negative. The discussion showed that the matter had been well investigated, and the subject was generally talked over by the whole company. It was finally decided by vote 5 to 2 in favor of the argument for the negatives. A vote of thanks was tendered Rev. Mr. Goodman for his pleasant hospitality and a resolution of appreciation was extended the retiring officers. The debate at the next meeting will be, "Resolved, that there be equal suffrage," Stephen Underwood and George Dennis affirmative, Robert Chase and Rodman Champlin, negative.

PORTSMOUTH.

From our Regular Correspondent.

Mrs. Charles L. Freeborn has returned from a visit with her mother, Mrs. Thomas Holman, in Pennsylvania. Mrs. Holman fell and dislocated her hip a few weeks ago. She is not yet able to sit up, although she is gaining all the time.

Miss Mollie Smith, who has been visiting her sister, Mrs. Augustus L. Wilbur since her return from Italy, has now gone to New York.

A special meeting of the town council was held in the Town Hall Friday evening for the hearing on the petition for liquor licenses referred to this time. Retail licenses were granted to William Shaw and Son, and to Frank R. Tallman on their own premises.

The petition of Bernard Fagan, retail on the premises of Miriam Duckworth, was rejected.

The petition of John Quinn, retail, on the premises of Ernest Levesque, was granted.

On the petition of William Canning, retail, on the premises of William Hindle, a remonstrance was presented by Eunice M. Durfee, but the license was granted.

The two petitions of John W. Keeley, retail, on "Ocean View," at Island Park, were withdrawn, owing to certain restrictions contained in the deeds of the land.

Adam F. Kreider presented his petition for a retail license on the premises formerly owned by Stanley Ledoux; referred to December 14th. William H. Canning presented his petition that his license be transferred from the premises of William Hindle to the premises of Miriam Duckworth; referred to December 14th.

It was voted to extend the time for closing the saloons to 11.15 p. m.

All the petitioners granted licenses were required to file their bonds at the meeting, and all were filed but that of John W. Quinn, whose time was extended.

Town Sergeant John J. Corcoran was given permission to see on what conditions a telephone can be installed in the town jail at Island Park.

Several bills were allowed and ordered paid.

Mr. Frederick A. Lawton has returned from his season's work with the Lane Construction Co. Mr. Lawton has been in Gloversville, N. Y., of late.

The pupils of Mrs. Lucy M. Phinney, teacher at the Newtown Grammar School gave her a pleasant surprise on Friday evening when about 30 of them gathered at her home. The young people presented their teacher with a cassarole and a box of candy. The evening was spent in playing games. Refreshments were served.

Mrs. Arthur Chase is ill with rheumatism.

Mrs. Lena Mosher who is very ill with pneumonia is about the same.

Mr. Philip Smoot, who has been very ill is somewhat better.

Contractor John Coggeshall has begun work on the new school-house near the Town Hall.

Contractor John E. Manchester is building a bungalow.

Mr. and Mrs. Marion McAllister Smith, who were here during the summer have arrived in Petrograd, Russia. They went by way of Athens and Constantinople. Mr. Smith is the agent for the New York Ship Building Co.

Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin Hall have returned from a visit to New York.

The Epworth League of the Methodist Episcopal Church met with Mrs. Charles Borden on Tuesday evening with about 20 members present. There was a short business session, and the remainder of the evening was spent socially.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Brownell, of Westport, Mass., have been guests of Mr. and Mrs. William W. Anthony.

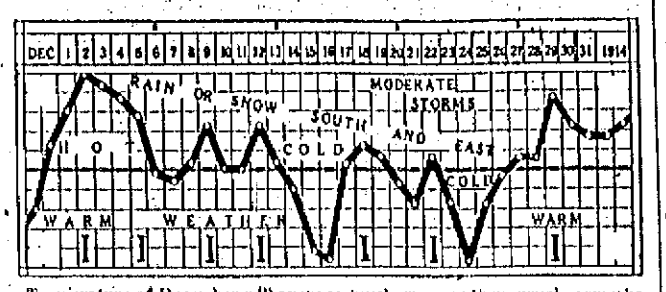
Mrs. Shortley was discussing the latest fashions with a young lady caller. "Did you say your husband was fond of those clinging gowns, Mae?"

"Yes; he likes one to cling to me for about three years."—Lippincott's.

"Isn't it a pity that Macaroni, the tenor, has lost his voice!" said Mrs. Carraway.

"Yes," said Carraway; "but I think it is much more piteous hearing him feeling around for it."—Judge.

WEATHER BULLETIN.



Temperature of December will average much warmer than usual, remarkably warm first few days of the month and cold during the week centering on 15 and 24. Also quite warm 29 to Jan. 2. Cold waves near 15 and 24. Moderate storms 19 to 24. Most rain or snow in southern and eastern sections. Not much precipitation on Pacific coast, or in northwest sections east of Rockies. Very few severe storms and very little snow except in northeastern sections. General deficiency in precipitation.

Heavy rains in South America, floods in China, severe Winter storms and heavy snow in European Russia. Much better weather than usual in Germany and France, stormy in Great Britain and more than usual rain. Stormy and heavy rains in Australia.

Treble line represents normal temperatures. Where the temperature line goes above this normal line indicates warmer and where it goes below indicates cooler than usual. Temperature line dates are for Meridian 90. Count one to three days earlier for west of that line and as much later for east of it in proportion to the distance from that line which runs north and south through St. Louis

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Washington, D. C. Dec. 2, 1914.

Last bulletin gave forecasts of disturbances to cross continent Dec. 7 to 11 and 10 to 14, warm waves 6 to 10 and 9 to 13, cool waves 10 to 14 and 12 to 16. Temperatures of the week covered by these two disturbances will average near normal but will be much warmer first part of the week than during the last part of it. A cold wave will come in not far from Dec. 14 and will probably carry frosts to the Gulf.

The principal energies of these storms will be developed in the cold wave and other features are not expected to be radical. These storms belong to the precipitation month covering Nov. 24 to Dec. 23 during which a deficiency in precipitation has been predicted. But some snows north and rains south may be looked for as the cold wave near Dec. 14 comes in.

The precipitation months cover about 28 days each and therefore they continually change relative to the calendar months which average 30-31 days. The next precipitation month will begin Dec. 24 and it will be notable for heavy precipitation in all southern and eastern sections of this continent and deficiencies in the middle northwest and on the Pacific slope.

New England and eastern Canada will get heavy snows in January and the cotton states excessive rains. The more exact dates of heaviest precipitation are brought on by the severe storms. But as January will be deficient in severe storms the precipitation is expected to be of a mild form, light at beginning of that precipitation month and increasing in amount up to near January 24.

Next disturbance will reach Pacific coast about Dec. 16, cross Pacific slope by close of 16, great central valleys 17 to 19, eastern sections 20. Warm wave will cross Pacific slope about Dec. 16, great central valleys 17, eastern sections 19. Cool wave will cross Pacific slope about Dec. 18, great central valleys 20, eastern sections 22.

The period covered by this storm will average colder than usual, the coldest weather coming before the storm. Very little precipitation is expected with it. Storm forces will be about normal. But about Dec. 22, and several days following, the storms will be more severe.

Have you noted how very accurately these bulletins have predicted the weather in the European war zone? Remarkable, to say the least of it. Did you notice that we predicted less than usual precipitation for the Pacific slope and middle northwest for November? We are quite confident that our forecasts of cropweather for 1915, for all of this continent will be surprisingly correct.

The big star, seen well up in the southeastern sky, after 6 P. M. is the mighty Jupiter. It is a world of vast dimentions, so great that, in comparison, our little world is a pygmy. Ten bodies the size of our earth, lying in a single row, would about reach thru Jupiter. That planet has much to do with our weather and with the sun-spots. The Sun of course, is the great force but it is steady and gives us the normal weather conditions, the very gradual seasonal changes. All the more sudden changes come from the planets and Moon through the eternal and omni-present electro-magnetic forces that operate under the laws of magnetism, the moon, earth, sun and planets being the magnets.

The December session of the Superior Court for Newport County will open in this city next Monday.

Sunday School Teacher—Did Pharaoh overcome the children of Israel at the Red sea?

Small Boy—No, ma'am. It was a walkover for the Israelites.

The prodigal son wrote the old man as follows: "I got religion the other day. Send me $10." But the old man replied: "Religion is free. You've got the wrong kind."

The Doctor—"But, my dear sir, you must masticate your food. What were your teeth given you for?"

The Sufferer (calmly)—"They weren't given me—I bought 'em."—Sketch.

She—"Oh, but mamma objects to kissing."

He—"Well, I'm not kissing your mother, am I?"—Boston Transcript.

Husband—"You seemed to have had a perfectly happy time at the party."

Wife—"Yes; I found out how much Mrs. White paid for her new gown."

WEEKLY ALMANAC, DECEMBER 1914

STANDARD TIME.

	Sun rises	Sun sets	Moon rises	High Morn		Water Eve	
5 Sat	6 58	4 14	6 34	9 05		9 38	
6 Sun	6 59	4 13	7 42	9 50		10 25	
17 Mon	7 00	4 13	8 52	10 40		11 17	
18 Tues	7 01	4 13	10 02	11 31			
19 Wed	7 02	4 13	11 13	2 07		12 23	
20 Thur	7 02	4 13	11 12	1 02		1 33	
21 Fri	7 03	4 13	mo'n	1 59		2 29	

Full Moon Dec. 2 — 1.21m, Evening
Moon's last qr. Dec. 10 — 6.32m, Morning
New Moon Dec. 16 — 9.53m, Evening
Moon's 1st qr. Dec. 24 — 3.25m, Morning

Deaths.

In this city, 27th ult., Hazard K. C. Weeden aged 83 years.

In this city, 30th ult., Rebecca L., widow of Leonard Thomas.

In this city, 30th ult., Caroline A. Green, in her 83d year.

In this city, 2d inst., Sarah A., widow of James Brierley, in her 80th year.

In this city, Dec. 3, John, infant son of John and Annie Carroll.

In Tiverton, 25th ult., Annie T. (Lawlor), widow of John A. Manchester, in her 86th year.

In Tiverton, 29th ult., Katherine B., wife of Francis E. Baker, in her 61st year.

In Highlandtown, Md., November 22, after a lingering illness, Agnes, wife of William McLyman, aged 67 years.

In South Boston, 2d inst., James, son of Owen C. and Eliza McDonald, formerly of this city.

HOUSES, SITES AND FARMS

Persons living in other States, away from Newport and wishing information for themselves or friends regarding tenements, houses furnished and unfurnished, and farms or sites for building, can ascertain what they want by writing to

A. O'D. TAYLOR,

REAL ESTATE AGENT,

122 Bellevue Avenue, Newport, R. I.

Mr. Taylor's Agency was established in 1871. He is a Commissioner of Deeds for the principal States and Notary Public.

Has a Branch Office open all summer in Jamestown, for Summer Villas and Country places.

LOAN COMPANY LOSES $114,000

Systematic Stealing From Large Institution at Boston

PRESIDENT IS UNDER ARREST

Accountants Deceived by Falsified Books of Concern Which Does More Than $2,800,000 a Year—Police Put on Trail of Thieves After Attempt to Keep the Matter Quiet

William Cobb, president of the Collateral Loan company of Boston, which has been located of $114,000, was arrested, charged with the larceny of $80,000 from the funds of the company through stock transactions. Bail was fixed at $25,000.

Coincidental to the accusations against Cobb, it was admitted by the directors of the company and by Assistant District Attorney Lavelle that in an entirely different manner, and probably by different persons, the company has been robbed of $23,000.

The latter losses are believed to have been made by someone in the office who had an opportunity to secure possession of articles, pledged by themselves or by confederates, so that the persons who pledged the articles got not only the money for them, but received back the pledge itself.

Seven, and possibly eight of the employes of the company, all men, who have had an opportunity to conduct such transactions with the pledges, have been under investigation for three weeks, but at the district attorney's office it was said this investigation had not proceeded far enough to warrant arrests.

The names of three other persons are also associated with the case in which Cobb is now involved, that of the alleged stock transactions.

The most dramatic moment of the whole big exposure came in the big room at the district attorney's when Mrs. Marie E. LeChaire, a Christian Science practitioner and close friend of the arrested president, was brought in to face the board of directors and tell her part in the alleged swindle.

She was on the books as having put up $24,000 in Nevada-Douglas mining stock for a loan of $10,000. Facing the directors, she stated that she had never seen a share of Nevada-Douglas in her life.

The Suffolk county grand jury, which comes in for its December sitting next week, will investigate the Collateral Loan case probably during the first week.

That the announcement of the thefts from the company was premature was admitted by officials of the company. It had been known for several days by the company's officials that large sums had been stolen, but an attempt was made to keep the matter quiet until the actual thief could be placed under arrest.

The juggling of the books was so cleverly done that not only did it deceive the officials of the institution, but the accountants, who annually audited the books, were hoodwinked.

The company does more than $2,800,000 business a year. It has a capital of $1,200,000. The company was organized in 1869 under a Massachusetts charter. There are seven directors, five elected by the stockholders, one appointed by the mayor of Boston and one appointed by the governor for an indefinite term. No salary is paid by the state to its representative on the board.

From a bank originally chartered as a charitable institution to lend funds to poor people, to a loan company whose principal patrons would not care to be classed as poor; from an institution whose annual earnings the law would not allow to exceed 8 percent, to one in which within the past year a stock dividend of about 100 percent was divided, are marked characteristics of the workings of the Collateral Loan company.

THAW LEGALLY INSANE

Claim in Brief Filed in His Behalf in United States Supreme Court

Denying the right of the state of New York to extradite Harry K. Thaw from New Hampshire, Philander C. Knox filed a brief in supreme court at Washington in behalf of Thaw.

The brief states there can be no doubt that Thaw is legally insane, hence he cannot be returned from one state to another on extradition proceedings to stand trial for crime.

Accidentally Killed by Brother

Fremont Clayton died at Calais, Vt., as a result of wounds received by the accidental discharge of a shotgun in the hands of his brother, Leroy.

Not Guilty of Murder

Virginia Barbato and Gaetano Devaio, who have been on trial at Salem, Mass., for two weeks on a charge of murdering the woman's husband, were found not guilty by a jury which had been deliberating for twelve hours.

Immigration Staff Reduced

Sixteen attaches of the immigration station at Boston, four at New Bedford and three at Portland were laid off without pay for a period of one year. The reason for the furloughs is the falling off in immigration due to the war.

Labor Editor In Contempt

F. P. Lamoreaux, editor of the Stockton, Cal., Labor News, was sentenced to five days in jail and to a fine of $200 for contempt by Judge Norton of the superior court. Lamoreaux began serving his sentence at once.

KAISER'S ARMIES GIVING GROUND

Retreat After Exhibition of Most Desperate Courage

RUSSIANS TO SHELL CRACOW

Reported to Be Mounting Heavy Batteries Eight Miles From Stronghold—Both Sides Sustain Heavy Losses In Killed, Wounded and Prisoners—Rennenkampf Retired For Alleged Failure to Fulfil His Part of Russian Operations—Allies Believed to Be on Offensive In Flanders, Where Hard Fighting Has Been Resumed

The Germans are now in retreat in western Poland. The desperate attack of the kaiser's armies when they were threatened with being cut off by the Russian enveloping movement has expended its utmost strength, and face to face with the reinforced Russian host, they have been compelled to give ground.

They are falling back toward Thorn and across the plains of Poland toward the Warthe river.

After their tremendous effort to break the Russian centre near Lodz had failed the Germans were compelled to retreat in order to avoid being surrounded once more. Declining to consider the possibility of surrender, and with the most desperate courage ever seen in any war, they threw themselves time after time against the walls of Russian bayonets, and only the unexplainable dilatoriness of an able and trusted Russian general robbed Grand Duke Nicholas of a victory far greater than Waterloo.

The battle is now flowing back toward the river Warthe, the Germans fighting a stubborn rear guard action, the Russians attempting to outflank them north and south.

Losses Extremely Heavy

Correspondents in Petrograd estimate from semi-official information that the Germans lost 120,000 men in killed, wounded and prisoners between Nov. 18 and Dec. 2. The Russian losses have also been very heavy. The series of battles between Plock and Petrowsky have been the bloodiest and costliest of the entire war in the east.

Military critics assert that General von Hindenberg's plunge through Poland had three objects. One was to occupy Warsaw, another to frighten the Russians out of East Prussia, and the third was to relieve the strain on Cracow.

The second attack on Warsaw seems to have been as great a failure as the first, and although the Germans escaped utter defeat, their armies are nevertheless in retreat, with powerful Russian forces to the north and south of them as they retire from Lodz.

The German advance toward Warsaw has failed of the desired effect of drawing the Russians out of East Prussia.

Cracow In Desperate Plight

From the standpoint of the Austrians and Germans the situation at Cracow is growing desperate. The Russians have advanced to within firing distance of the Austrian stronghold, their steady advance from Przemysl having proceeded without any real check. They are reported to be mounting heavy batteries around the town of Wieliczka, about eight miles from Cracow, which they occupied Wednesday and from which the outer forts can be reached.

It is certain that the Russians are now in a far better position to capture the gateway of Silesia than ever before. Besides the occupation of Wieliczka, which is to the southeast, another Russian column is reported to be within eleven miles of the city.

The fall of Cracow would turn the long line of German fortresses that stretch from Dantzig on the Baltic to Cracow in the Carpathians, and the river Oder would be the only line of defense left.

Rennenkampf's Blunder

The failure of the Russian forces to envelope the German army in the vicinity of Lodz and the determined offensive taken by the kaiser's army in fighting its way out of the corner into which it had been driven is declared to have been due to a blunder on the part of General Rennekampf, who has been relieved of his command.

It is declared the failure of Rennenkampf to arrive on schedule time with his command when the Germans were all but trapped is responsible for failure of the Russians to gain a victory of great proportions.

Many of the prisoners taken by the Germans were captured as the result of this delay. When the Germans broke through the Russian line, however, a large force to the south of Lodz found itself cut off.

The delay placed the Russians in a serious position for a time. This, it is evident, made necessary the reforming of the Russian centre in Poland. There has consequently been a lull in the fighting, but the forces of Grand Duke Nicholas are now declared to present a solid front, and are prepared to press a vigorous attack.

Situation in the West

The French official statement mentions only a few supposedly minor engagements in the fighting in the west. It was announced that Les Menils and the signal station of Xon, on the right bank of the Moselle, had been taken. The Germans have directed lively artillery fire against Nieuwport and to the south of the Ypres. The inundations, it was announced, have extended to the south of Dixmude, still further blocking the German attempt to reach the coast at the Straits of Dover.

The very conservatism of the French communiques give rise to the suspicion that fighting has been resumed on a considerable scale in Flanders and that the allies are on the offensive. There are rumors that the French and British have made notable advances between Dixmude and Armentierres. The opinion persists that the Germans have been compelled to weaken their forces in the west to strengthen their lines in Poland.

There is much interest in London as to the situation at Ostend and Zeebrugge, but little news to satisfy the public eagerness. The Germans appear to be making extraordinary efforts to hold Zeebrugge for a naval and Zeppelin base.

ITALY REMAINS NEUTRAL

Premier Sees No New Element In Situation to Cause Change

In his speech reopening the Italian parliament Premier Salandra delivered a powerful plea in favor of the continuation of Italian neutrality.

"There have been no new developments to induce the government to alter its policy of neutrality," declared the premier.

Salandra's speech made a favorable impression and it was predicted that it would play an important part in shaping the future policy of the government. It is understood the premier voiced the sentiments of the king.

PRO-GERMAN SENTIMENT

Causes Suppression of Dublin Daily and a Monthly Publication

The publishers of the Dublin newspaper Ilhin Fein refused to print it in consequence of having been warned by the authorities that they would be liable to prosecution for the publication of treasonable matter.

This is the second step in the suppression of Irish publications, which have been opposing enlistments and expressing pro-German sentiments.

The police raided the office of the Irish Freedom, a monthly publication, and confiscated all copies of the paper offered for sale on the news stands.

A GENERAL SURVEY OF THE WAR IN EUROPE

Belgrade was occupied by an Austrian army corps, and, apart from its sentimental feature, as occurring on the sixty-sixth anniversary of the coming to the throne of Emperor Francis Joseph, is of small importance in the general trend of the war.

Servia, like Belgium, will come to her own if the allies dominate the final peace proposals. If Germany wins she will go the way of von Bernhardi's "small nations."

With only one dissenting vote—Herr Liebknecht, Socialist—the German reichstag voted a new war credit of $1,250,000,000.

London Truth says that news has been received privately to the effect that Emperor Francis Joseph of Austria is in a feeble state of health, and it is thought at Vienna that he may die any day and probably quite suddenly.

Although it is almost impossible to ascertain the exact number of losses, both in ships and men, which have been sustained by the German and British navies since the outbreak of the present war, the figures which have been obtained from various admiralty statements and newspaper sources show that the Britons are the heaviest losers.

The British and French consuls at Buenos Ayres and at Montevideo are holding in port all merchant ships flying the flags of their respective countries in the belief that a naval engagement is imminent off the mouth of the Plata river.

Lieutenant General von Moltke, says a Berlin dispatch, has recovered his health and is returning to the front.

At least twelve British warships are now patrolling the Atlantic between New York and the Panama canal, sweeping the seas with their wireless and keeping close check on all forms of shipping, according to wireless operators on the steamship Ancon, which arrived at New York from Cristobal.

There is imminent danger that, driven desperate by hunger, the Belgians in some districts will attack the Germans, who appear to be plentifully supplied, to obtain food, according to a report received by Herbert C. Hoover, chairman of the American relief commission, from a special commissioner doing relief work.

The Dutch government has categorically declined all offers of financial aid for 300,000 penniless refugees in Holland which were recently unofficially offered by an American charity.

Big Order For Soldiers' Shoes

An order for more than 1,200,000 pairs of shoes for the soldiers on the other side of the ocean has been received by firms in Boston within the last few days.

Great Mine Disaster In Japan

A Tokio dispatch reports a serious mine disaster in Hokaido, the northernmost of the main islands of Japan. It is reported that 437 miners are dead.

Mahan Harvard Captain

Edward W. Mahan of Natick, Harvard's wonderful halfback, will lead the Crimson eleven in 1915. He was elected captain at a meeting of all the football men who won their "H" in the past season.

Newspaper Changes Hands

The Advertiser Newspaper company, publishers of the Boston Daily Advertiser and the Boston Evening Record, has been purchased by Charles S. Bird, former Progressive candidate for governor.

Life Sentence For Slayer

Alonzo Bell was sentenced at Fall River, Mass., to life imprisonment for shooting to death Jesse Watts, a circus employe. Bell pleaded guilty to a charge of second degree murder.

NORTHAMPTON GOES INTO DRY COLUMN

Ashley, Long Mayor of New Bedford, Goes Down to Defeat

The defeat of Charles S. Ashley, for sixteen consecutive terms mayor of New Bedford, by Edward R. Hathaway, a fusion candidate; the overwhelming triumph of Chester I. Campbell in Quincy, and the close contest for mayor in Waltham, where Kearns was re-elected by a narrow margin, featured the city elections in Massachusetts.

Fitchburg, Marlboro, Holyoke, Northampton and Pittsfield also held elections, the only overturn being recorded in Pittsfield, where Mayor Moore was defeated for re-election by George W. Faulkner, Republican. In all the other cities the present mayor was re-elected.

Pittsfield, Marlboro, Fitchburg, Holyoke and New Bedford all went license, while Northampton, Quincy and Waltham are in the "no" column. In New Bedford a strong campaign to prevent the sale of liquor by clubs on Sundays and holidays was successful.

The shift of Northampton from license to no-license was the only change on the liquor question.

DEATH OF ADMIRAL MAHAN

International Naval Authority Had Overtaxed His Strength

Rear Admiral Alfred T. Mahan, U. S. N., retired, acclaimed in naval circles as the "greatest modern writer on naval strategy," died at Washington, aged 74. Death was caused by heart trouble.

ALFRED T. MAHAN

Mahan had greatly overtaxed his strength in a study of the present great European conflict and it is thought that the many long hours he devoted to following the naval operations of the belligerents probably caused the breakdown which hastened his end.

Mahan's home was in Quogue, L. I. Surviving are his widow, two daughters, Misses Helen and Ellen Mahan, and one son, L. E. Mahan. Commodore Mahan, U. S. N., retired, now at the naval station, Tutuila, Samoa, is a brother.

GENERAL NEWS EVENTS

David Lamar, "Wolf of Wall street," was found guilty of impersonating a federal official and sentenced at New York to two years in the Atlanta penitentiary.

Earnings of Harvard students amounted to $107,269.73 for the last college year.

Rev. Dr. Addison Ballard, 92, for many years holder of professorships in various colleges, died at his home at Pittsfield, Mass.

J. H. Harriman, the retired New York banker, died at Washington after an illness of several months. He was 60 years old.

The moose season has closed in the eight northern counties of Maine. A total of fifty-four moose have been received in Bangor up to the present.

The total expense of eradicating the present outbreak of foot and mouth disease from Massachusetts livestock is estimated at $180,000.

Carl Whitehouse, a wealthy lumber dealer of Moultonboro, N. H., committed suicide by hanging. He had suffered from a mental disease.

George C. Tilyou, 51, known as the man who made Coney Island the Mecca of pleasure seekers, died at his home in Brooklyn.

WANTS FACTS MADE PUBLIC

Lodge Will Inquire About Country's Preparedness For War

Senator Lodge announced that when congress convenes he will introduce in the senate a resolution, similar to the Gardner house resolution, calling for the appointment of a committee to investigate this country's preparedness for war.

This, coupled with the announcement that the president will receive Congressman Gardner on Monday to discuss this question, indicates that it will likely be one of the big issues of the coming session.

In his statement Lodge declares that an investigation of the condition of the army and navy will cost nothing and that it will bring forth facts which the people of the country ought to have.

HOULTON TO BE SCENE OF TRIAL

Plea For Change of Venue In Sullivan Case Refused

DUDLEY FIRST TO FACE JURY

Medical Experts Will Testify as to Whether Girl Was Poisoned to Hasten Death—Miss Michaud Star Witness—Sensational Charge by Counsel For Accused Man

The motion that the trials of Dr. Lionel E. Dudley and Miss Alice Pelletier, on the charge of murder in connection with the death of Miss Mildred Sullivan of Houlton, be held in Penobscot or some county other than Aroostook, was denied by Justice Haley in the Maine supreme court.

This decision holds for the defendant who is first tried—Dudley—and Haley intimated that after the first trial it might be best to grant the motion in the case of the other persons.

The trial is expected to occupy from seven to ten days. A venire of 100 talesmen was issued. Some difficulty is expected in the selection of a jury. There will be between twenty-five and thirty-five witnesses for the state and the defense will have a long list.

Medical testimony will play a most prominent part in the proceedings. It is alleged that the girl was poisoned when it was found that she could not recover from an illegal operation. A number of medical experts will seek to prove or disprove this charge.

Alice Pelletier and Kate C. Michaud, both of whom have been indicted with the physician, charging that they performed a criminal operation and subsequently murdered Miss Sullivan, will await the outcome of his trial. The prosecution counts upon Miss Michaud to furnish the principal evidence for the state.

On the eve of this trial comes the sensational charge by counsel for Dr. Dudley that they have discovered a telephone appliance in the consultation room at the jail. They said this room had been assigned them by order of the court, who assured them that their request for a place free from all annoyance would be fulfilled.

They had been in consultation over two hours when the instrument was discovered. Surprised and angered at the alleged violation of the court's order, the counsel adjourned to other rooms and decided to voice a protest at the treatment.

FATE OF INDEPENDENCE

Once Famous Old Frigate Is to Become Plebeian Coal Barge

The 100-year-old frigate Independence left Mare Island navy yard at Vallejo, Cal., to become a coal barge.

It was the old sea fighter's first trip since 1868, when it was brought to the navy yard after having been used as a training ship at San Francisco.

Vessels and whistles ashore saluted the frigate as it was towed down the channel to San Francisco bay. The Independence will be docked and the bulkheads knocked out to fit it for the inglorious finish to its career.

The Independence was sold at auction by the navy department for $3515.

TORTURED BOY TO DEATH

Two Maine Youngsters Are Sent to the State Reform School

Lewis and Herbert Cote, aged 13 and 9 years respectively, who tortured Hartley Webb, 14, killing him, were sentenced at Houlton, Me., to the state reform school at Portland.

It was explained this disposition was made of the case because of the extreme youth of the boys. The judge also provided that they should serve three to four years in the state prison if this be found necessary.

ERUPTION ON CHILD ITCHED AND BURNED

Like Water Blisters on Body, Face and Arms. Cross and Fretful. Used Cuticura Soap and Ointment. Child Was Healed.

R. F. D. No. 2, Groton, Vt.—"My little boy's trouble began all over his body and face and arms with water blisters. They were also on his limbs and chest and he was very cross and fretful. They itched and burned and he scratched and this formed sore places. It itched and burned so the little one could not sleep nights.

"I had two treatments and they failed to help him. I got two cakes of Cuticura Soap and two boxes of Cuticura Ointment and bathed the child with the Cuticura Soap twice daily, then put the Cuticura Ointment on each time. It was only a matter of two or three weeks when the child was healed." (Signed) Mrs. Eliza Hutchinson, Feb. 19, 1914.

Samples Free by Mail

For pimples and blackheads the following is a most effective and economical treatment: Gently smear the affected parts with Cuticura Ointment, on the end of the finger, but do not rub. Wash off the Cuticura Ointment in five minutes with Cuticura Soap and hot water and continue bathing for some minutes. This treatment is best on rising and retiring. At other times use Cuticura Soap freely for the toilet and bath, to assist in preventing inflammation, irritation and clogging of the pores. Sold throughout the world. Sample of each mailed free, with 32-p. Skin Book. Address postcard "Cuticura, Dept. T, Boston."

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With an ALCOHOL LAMP you must fill the lamp, adjust the wick, strike a match, and be very careful not to spill alcohol on the table top.

With ELECTRICITY you insert the plug and turn the switch.

When this is done you can devote all your attention to the recipe.

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we are prepared to do it for you and do it well. We have a complete and up-to-date Printing Office. This plant is in charge of expert and experienced men—men who are instructed under no circumstances to produce anything but the best work possible. We work in all processes in which ink and paper are combined. We write and edit copy—We can serve you and serve you well.

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Wise Precaution.

A certain politician desired a diplomatic appointment, says the Washington Star. A friend, in surprise, said to him: "But you don't even speak the language of the country!" "Well," replied the determined applicant, "a man isn't nearly so likely to make indiscreet remarks, if he has to get a lexicon and look up the meaning of every word he utters."

Government Kept Going.

"I notice that the old man's quit cussin' the government!" "Yes; after tryin' it for 30 year the government kept a-goin', jes' like it never heard tell of him—never so much as askin' him to please let up an' give it a chance to grow up with the country. That made him so mad he was too full for utterance, he was struck speechless!"

Beauty to Be Seen In Rain.

It is a great mistake always to know enough to go in when it rains. One may keep snug and dry by such knowledge, but one misses a world of loveliness.

Tastes Change.

Funny that the very fellow who begs a girl for a lock of her hair in the courtship days when he kisses it so fondly will swear like a trooper if he finds one of them in the butter after he is married.

Always Rings True.

Behind joy and laughter there may be a temperament coarse, hard and callous. But behind sorrow there is always sorrow.—Oscar Wilde.

RHODE ISLAND.

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Notice Automobilists

Commencing June 1st, the office of the State Board of Public Roads Automobile Department, State House, Providence, R. I., will be open for business between the hours of 9 a. m. and 3 p. m., Saturdays excepted, until further notice.

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BUILDING OF PETROGRAD.

Peter the Great's Ruthless Methods in Erecting the Capital.

Most disadvantageously situated of all the capitals of Europe—indeed, of the world—Petrograd is a monument of the pride and energy of Peter the Great. He wanted a European capital in order to signalize and immortalize his conquests. In 1703, when the first foundations of the city were laid on the marshy island on the delta of the Neva, at the eastern end of the gulf of Finland, the surrounding territory had even then not been entirely conquered.

Peter went to work with his usual energy and with his usual ruthlessness to create a capital in what was worse than a desert. He himself superintended the building of the city and gave the directions of the details to half a dozen lieutenants. The work was pushed with almost incredible rapidity, so that by 1712 sufficient advance had been made to permit the transfer of the imperial family from Moscow.

One measure ordered by Peter was that thousands of peasants must settle in or near the new capital. A special tax was put on his empire to meet the expenses of building the city. Such a small difficulty as the scarcity of masons was nothing to a man like Peter the Great. He simply forbade the erection of stone buildings anywhere else in the empire until Petrograd was finished.—New York Times.

MILITARY COWARDICE.

A Sample of Its Punishment During the Thirty Years' War.

Punishment for cowardice in the German army at the time of the Thirty Years' war was so severe as to be ferocious. In the year 1642 the Swedish General Torstenson stormed Leipzig. A force under the command of the Grand Duke Leopold gave him battle before the gates of the city, but during the engagement the Madlonische regiment became suddenly panic stricken and fled.

Punishment immediately followed. When the regiment had again assembled six other regiments surrounded it and tried it by court martial in the open field. The verdict was that the colonel and the captains should die by the sword and that every tenth man among the noncommissioned officers and men should be hanged.

The stern verdict was carried out to the letter, except that at the request of Leopold the men were shot instead of hanged. Colonel George Madlonische was beheaded after he had sought in vain for a pardon. The survivors were consigned to quarters with other commands, and the regiment never regained its name or former prestige. In those days there was no alternative but to be brave. Cowardice meant either death or everlasting disgrace.—Youth's Companion.

Poetic Justice.

A couple in a certain village, each the parent of six children, had meted out to them a kind of poetic justice in which they failed to see the poetry.

The woman, a widow, pleading that she had no home and was therefore unable to care for her children, induced the local authorities to admit them to an orphan asylum. The man, a widower, pleading he had no housekeeper and therefore no one to care for his children, induced the authorities to admit his six also. Thereupon, being freed from all incumbrances, these two married.

All went well for a few months, when the authorities, learning of the situation, promptly dispatched the twelve children back to their parents, and, the woman no longer able to represent herself as homeless or the man as without a housekeeper, they were forced to receive them.

One of Hook's Puns.

Theodore Hook, the inveterate punster, could pun with gayety upon matters that touched his own pocket. He enlivened the usually prosaic and unwelcome duty of paying his taxes by a word of advice to his neighbors to do likewise—which it is to be hoped the worthy Mr. Winter, the collector, found of some assistance:

Here comes Mr. Winter, inspector of taxes.
I advise you to pay him whatever he axes.
I advise you to pay him without any flummery,
For though his name's Winter, his actions are summary!

The Farce.

Farce is a modern term founded on the Latin verb facire, to stuff. This was originally an allusion to the practice of the ancient buffoons padding out their stage dress to abnormal dimensions. Later the padding was dispensed with, but the wide garments were retained.

Just Goes Out.

"Mother, when the fire goes out, where does it go?" asked a child of her parent.

"I don't know, dear," replied the mother. "You might just as well ask me where your father goes when he goes out!"

Conditional.

Examiner—Now, William, if a man can do one-fourth of a piece of work in two days how long will he take to finish it? William—Is it a contract job or is he workin' by the day?—Life.

Grasping Animal.

Man is never satisfied. If he finds a nickel which he didn't know he had in some obscure pocket he immediately begins to look for another. — Toledo Blade.

Natural Deduction.

"Mamma," queried small Edna the first time she saw a multicolored parrot, "was that chicken hatched from an Easter egg?"

Arkansas Leads in Oil Stones.

Arkansas produces the greater part of the natural oil stones of this country.

Easy to Forgive.

A business man made an appointment with a friend a few days ago, and when the time rolled around he forgot the matter entirely.

The incident worried him so much that he dreaded to meet the friend and for several days tried to keep out of the latter's way.

Finally, however, the inevitable happened, and the two met face to face in the lobby of a downtown club.

Before the business man could voice his explanation the friend extended his hand and began to apologize humbly:

"I must beg your pardon, old chap, but really I quite forgot about our engagement the other day, and I am indeed very sorry to have disappointed you."

When he fully recovered from the shock the business man exclaimed, with a magnanimous wave of his right hand:

"Don't worry, old man; even the best of us will sometimes forget."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Cure For Nosebleed.

I sometimes read in the daily papers of death caused by bleeding at the nose. Here is a cure discovered by me and not known or practiced by any physician. I am an old shipmaster, have tried it in a number of cases and never knew it to fail. It is very simple. Any one can perform the operation.

Place the patient in a sitting position or propped up in bed, and with the forefinger press gently in the hollow of the throat just above the breast bone, and the bleeding will gradually cease.

To avoid bleeding at the nose, especially in the case of children, get a large bead the size of a large marble, put it on a silk or woolen string and tie it around the neck so that the bead hangs in the hollow of the throat and wear it night and day.—New York Sun.

A Remarkable Stork.

The whale billed stork is found on a lake south of the White Nile. The lake has never been mapped and is bordered by extensive swamps. It is hard to tell where swamp ends and lake begins, for most of the water surface is covered with a dense mat of tangled vegetation. On this mat the whale billed stork builds its nest. It is a very rare bird and is known to the Arabs as the Father of the Shoe, because of its huge shoe shaped bill. It is of solitary habits, blackish gray in color, with wide spreading long toed feet adapted for standing on the quaking surface of a floating field of vegetation. Its habits are sluggish, and it lives mainly on fish. Colonel Roosevelt describes it as "hunting sedately in muddy shallows or standing motionless for hours, surrounded by reed beds or by long reaches of treacherous ooze."

One Way of "Beating the Bounds."

The Cossack can do much in war, but in peace time he is not so handy. Then he is either a fisherman or a farmer, but he knows little about land surveying and less still about land registration. When disputes arise there is a method of settling them. When the boundary has been settled it is registered not upon parchment, but upon boys' backs. All the boys are collected and driven like sheep along the newly surveyed boundary. The procession halts at each landmark, a certain number of boys are chosen, thoroughly whipped and then sent home. This is done in the belief than an unmerited whipping would always remain in the memory—a truly wonderful method of "beating the bounds."—London Chronicle.

Facts About Furs.

The costliest sable is the Yakutsk or Russian skin that runs "silvery"—that has, in other words, a number of equally distributed white or silvery hairs among the soft and silky brown ones. The black silver fox is most valuable when there is no silver in it—when it is a pure rich black throughout. Ermine, contrary to the general belief, cleans well and is an exceedingly durable fur. Sea otter skins measure 48 by 24 inches. The best color is a dark bluish brown, almost black. Fisher is a large marten found in Canada and the northern United States. The skin measures 30 by 12 inches.

Hymn 333.

A youth named Harry Jordan sat at an examination at one of the eastern colleges. When he learned the result he telegraphed to his people:

"Hymn 333, verse 5, last two lines. Harry."

The anxious father turned to his hymn book and read the comforting couplet:

"Sorrow vanquished, labor ended, Jordan passed."—Exchange.

Bonepicking.

Mrs. Biggs—So the Deddingtons are quarreling again? Mrs. Monty—Yes; their latest quarrel was about madam's pet dog and the expense of feeding it. Mrs. Biggs—Great Scott! They have bones of contention enough to feed a dozen dogs!

Orchestra.

Orchestra is a Greek and Latin term signifying the space in the theaters of the ancients between the stage and the audience where the chorus and dancers assembled.

Small Conscience.

Hewitt—You don't seem to think much of Binks. Jewitt—If he had his conscience taken out it would be a minor operation.—Exchange.

There is nothing so terrible as activity without insight.—Goethe.

Few men have been admired by their servants.—Montaigne.

Watchman Routs Postoffice Yeggs

Four cracksmen who attempted to break into the West Upton, Mass., postoffice were frustrated by Frank E. Wellman, night watchman. After an exchange of revolver shots the yeggs escaped in an automobile.

WILL RUSSIA'S IMMENSE ARMY BE EFFICIENT?

Military Experts Wondering If It Will Withstand Shock of Germany's Machine.

ITS EXPERIENCE VALUABLE

Handicapped, However, By the Slav Temperament, and the Numerous Races, Some of Which Are Very Hostile to the Government.

(International News Service.)

London.—Is the Russian army dangerous? Will it withstand the shock of German machine troops? Will its enormous paper strength materialize? These questions so commonly asked called forth the following comment from a well known correspondent who is a military expert:

"All eyes in Europe are turned toward the army of the czar. It is the most gigantic military machine in the world, and no one really knows its fighting value. On its peace strength it disposes of a million of men between the German and Austrian frontiers in Europe and the seaboard of Vladivostok in Manchuria. Mobilized in its entirety, it quadruples the astounding numbers of its peace strength.

"We are not, however, concerned with this vast military machine in its entirety. The European army corps of Russia from the point of numbers are considerably enough to give pause to both Germany and Austria if their efficiency is equal to their ponderous numbers.

Has Had Valuable Experience.

"Russian military efficiency has always presented an enigma to the students of contemporary military history. By all the laws of production, the Russian army in Europe should be as formidable as any trained force in the world. It has the crowning advantage of experience in modern war. It is accepted by military students that after a protracted campaign which has not been decided by exhaustion, the beaten army emerges from the struggle with a knowledge and experience that is almost superior to that of its successful enemy.

"The question is: Was the Slavonic temperament of such a quality that it would profit by the lessons learned so bitterly in the far East? This is one of the questions to which the students have never yet been able to give a confident answer. Again, is the army, recruited as it is from nearly a dozen races, many of which are secretly hostile to the central government, a trustworthy instrument? Again the students are at fault.

"The historical record of the Russian army does not give one great hope that the Muscovite nation, with all its numbers, will ever be able successfully to initiate a campaign against an enemy with whom overwhelming numbers are not the chief essential to success. Russia may mobilize her armies in their millions, but has she the staff accommodation to manipulate them? Judging by the story of her failure against the Japanese in Manchuria, one would say that the Russian officer of today is little better than he was a generation ago.

Slav Mind Slow in Action.

"The Slav mind, quick though it may be to make plans and estimates, is slow in interpreting them into action and movement. This seems to be a congenital fault and it discounts much of the experience which the rude shocks of Liau-Yang, the Shaho and Mukden brought to an army which at that time military students believed to be capable of all requirements.

"The main asset of the Russian army is Ivan Ivanoff, the Russian soldier. Unimaginative, uneducated, docile by the circumstances of his lot, he is the best material for the manufacture of the soldier that has to die in heaps. Unimaginative, he is tenacious and fearless; uneducated, he is devoid of class ambitions and sensitiveness; docile, he may be herded to death or led to victory with equal lack of interest in the event in which he is but an animal pawn. We speak, of course, of the Russian moujik and not of the Poles and Jews that are serving against their wills. It is not likely that the Russians will experiment with Polish troops in Galicia or east Prussia.

Depends on Railway Service.

"These distinctions, however, do not add to the simplicity of the labors of the general staff, nor do they make for the efficiency of the railway service, upon which will depend any success that Russia could hope for in operating against her German enemies.

"In material the Russians are well equipped. Though material of war goes a long way, yet it is not the last weight in the balance of success or failure in war. In Manchuria the Russians had the better material in the way of artillery, cavalry and engineering equipment. It was not the material nor the men behind the material that failed. It was the directing mind. Nothing will make the writer believe that the Russian officers, taken en masse are good. Those who have graduated through the war schools are often brilliant theorists, but little more. Those who have not graduated—and this is the huge majority—have, it is true, a little more education than the men they command, but about the same limit of imagination. It is a case of the blind leading the blind."

Finns Loyal to the Czar.

The Daily News correspondent at Helsingfors says a remarkable change has come over the Finns.

"Whereas formerly they treated some of the Russian officials as they deserved," he says, "they now are cooperating with the Russian residents. Russian tourists are all full of praise for the hospitality with which they have been met everywhere. Even the Novoe Vremya, the reactionary St. Petersburg journal, which constantly has misrepresented the Finns, has been obliged to admit that the latter have behaved excellently and have been perfectly loyal.

"All rumors about Finland being a country in a state of revolt are nothing but nonsense. As a reward for their loyalty the Finns are earnestly hoping that Russia will at last realize she has nothing to fear from the Finns, not even in time of war."

AUSTRIA'S MAN OF THE HOUR

County Stephen Tisza, Hungarian Premier, is Considered Largely Responsible for the War.

(International News Service.)

Budapest.—The leading personality, the "man of the hour," in Austria-Hungary, is Count Stephen Tisza, the dualing premier of Hungary. It is accepted here that Count Tisza's influence was largely responsible for bringing about the declaration of war between Austria-Hungary and Servia, and embroiling all Europe in titanic conflict.

The son of Koloman Tisza, who was premier and practical dictator of Hungary from 1875 to 1890, Stephen Tisza won the confidence of Emperor Francis Joseph in 1903-4 by his vigorous resistance to Magyar attacks upon the military prerogatives of the crown and by his more recent success in crushing obstruction and opposition in the Hungarian chamber. He is now in his fifty-fourth year.

In 1903 he became premier and leader of the Liberal party on the fall of the Szell administration, but was overthrown in a general election by a coalition of opposition parties. From 1905 until 1910 he withdrew from public life, but returned to parliament in the latter year, became president of the chamber and directed the struggle against parliamentary obstruction.

Opposition hostility led to an attempt upon his life in the chamber, but, undismayed, he continued his course, succeeded Count Khuen-Hedervary as premier in 1913, ejected the opposition from parliament by armed force, and has since enjoyed unchallenged supremacy. In the course of his second premiership he has fought a large number of sabre duel.

ADVENTURE OF BRAVE BAND

Five Hundred Belgians, Left Behind at Liege, Repulsed Germans for Eight Days.

London.—The Antwerp correspondent of the Morning Post tells a vivid story of the adventures of 500 men of the Belgian army at Liege, who arrived at Namur, after 20 days of fighting and marching.

At the opening of the war their post was between the Liege forts Chaudfontaine and Embourg. On Wednesday night of the first week of the war orders were given them to evacuate their position, but the orders never reached this battalion, which became isolated by the Germans, but with a strong fort on each flank.

The Germans were aware of their presence, but did not know their strength, and the Belgians, entrenching, were able to hold out eight days after the retirement of the main Belgian field force and repulsed constant German attacks.

Finally when their rations ran short they succeeded in breaking through the German lines, and after many hairbreadth escapes reached Seraing. This was not accomplished without several brushes with the enemy, during which many of their number were wounded.

WERE BETRAYED IN LORRAINE

French Troops Greeted as Saviors by People, Who Then Helped the Germans.

Paris.—A dispatch from Bourges gives the recital of a French officer wounded in Lorraine. He sets forth how the Germans were aided by the local inhabitants.

The officials of villages in Lorraine greeted the French troops when they came into town as saviors.

No sooner had they done this than they would go to the edge of the village and hang out French flags, big white sheets, etc., to indicate to the enemy the exact position of the French soldiers.

The mayor of one village tapped a French field telephone wire for the benefit of the enemy.

A local schoolmaster correctedd the range of the German guns by moving the hands of the church clock.

Kaiser's Bust Saves Life.

Marseilles.—Among the French wounded who have arrived here is a soldier, who has been fighting in Lorraine. He owes his life to a small bust of Emperor William, which he picked up in a village school and placed in his haversack. A German bullet struck the bust and damaged the head. Thus deflected, the bullet inflicted only a non-fatal wound.

CASTORIA
For Infants and Children.
The Kind You Have Always Bought
Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher

A Disappointed Pensioner.

Mrs. Higginson's letters to her husband's family in Brattleboro, says Mary Thacher Higginson in her biography of Thomas Wentworth Higginson, always contained characteristic comments on her husband's doings.

"Wentworth has been away two days this week," she wrote, "and is going to Washington tonight to fight for women. I wish they had been fixed before we were born. * * * Lately he has been trying to find a father and grandfather for some stray girl—I don't know who. He hasn't found them yet, but I suppose he will persevere. I should think that one would be enough but he is naturally thorough, you know."

The colonel explained in a postscript:

"The case of this girl is that she wants a pension because her father was a soldier and died in a military prison. I have come upon only two obstacles to her wish:

"First, that she is not the man's daughter.

"Second, that he is still alive."

Killing Cooking Odors.

No odor of cooking should greet the guest in a private home or even an apartment which claims to be of the exclusive class. A simple and agreeable deodorizer may be made of a handful of cloves, allowed to scorch with bits of orange peel on a tin plate in the oven, says the Kansas City Star. This mixture imparts a fragrance not unlike that of carnations, and, scattered about the rooms, it will completely destroy the odor of cooking vegetables or roasting meats. In the country the wise housewife may gather sweet clover and the sprigs, dried out, will impart a fresh and delicious fragrance to the house linens all next winter. Lavender, that standby of oldtime housekeepers, may be purchased in little bags at trifling cost and makes a delightful fragrance for the linen closet.—Exchange.

The Post of Danger.

The Sieur de Joinville in his memoirs of St. Louis tells us that a certain man, sore beset by the pressure of temptation, sought counsel from the bishop of Paris, "whose Christian name was William." And this wise William of Paris said to him:

"The castle of Montlhery stands in the safe heart of France, and no invading hosts assail it. But the castle of La Rochelle in Poitou stands on the line of battle. Day and night it must be guarded from assault, and it has suffered grievously. Which, gentleman, think you, the king holds high in favor, the governor of Montlhery or the governor of La Rochelle? The post of danger is the post of glory, and he who is sorely wounded in the combat is honored by God and man."—Agnes Repplier in Atlantic Monthly.

The Fourth Officer.

"I've been on a bridge of a ship since I was fourteen. I don't know how to breathe inside a house," he said. One has to lead some kind of life, and as I sat there thinking it occurred to me that, even if it was poorly paid and at times lonely, there was something very sane and useful and good about the life of the fourth officer. In a little while he would look at his watch and exclaim a trifle diffidently, but with an unmistakable resumption of authority: "It's 10 o'clock. You must go now." Then he would almost instantly fall asleep, sleep for four hours, spend four more alone with the trackless waters and the southern stars, bathe, breakfast and begin another day with a fit body, clear brain, steady nerves and untroubled eyes.—Flandrau's Essays.

Constantinople.

Constantinople was known as Lygos until 658 B. C., when it blossomed forth into Byzantium and bore that name for close on 800 years. Byzantium, like Rome, was built on seven hills, and this resemblance led Septimus Severus to rechristen it Nova Roma. On making the city the capital of the Roman empire Constantine the Great bestowed his own name upon it, and ever since it has been known as Constantinople in the western world. This name, however, is ignored by orientals, who have called it Istambul and Stamboul since its capture by the Turks in 1453.

Not Reading Matter.

"I won't pay one cent for my advertising this week," declared the storekeeper angrily to the editor of the country paper. "You told me you'd put the notice of my shoe polish in with the reading matter."

"And didn't I do it?" inquired the editor.

"No, sir!" roared the advertiser. "No, sir, you did not! You put it in the column with a mess of poetry, that's where you put it!"—Exchange.

Indian Jugglers.

Magicians and jugglers were found among the Indians by the Jesuit missionaries as early as 1613, and they were common among all the Algonquin tribes, and Charlevoix mentions them among the Iroquois in 1635. The Spaniards met them in Mexico and South America.

Oil of Bergamot.

The world's supply of oil of bergamot comes from a comparatively small part of Calabria, in the extreme south of Italy, fronting on the strait of Messina.

Schumann on Chess.

In music it is as with chess playing—the queen, melody, possesses supreme power, but it is the king, harmony, who ultimately decides.

Skill is stronger than strength.—Old Saying.

Daily Thought.

In God's world, for those who are in earnest, there is no failure. No work truly done, no word earnestly spoken, no sacrifice, freely made, was ever made in vain.—F. W. Robertson.

Height Breathing.

No one can breathe at a greater height than seven miles.

WAR COMET IS HERE

Every Big Conflict In History Has Had One of Them.

Present Celestial Wanderer, Discovered by Paul T. Delevan, Will Soon Be Visible to the Naked Eye.

(International News Service.)

Every great war in the world's history has had its comet, and the present titanic conflict in Europe is no exception. Paul T. Delevan, an astronomer, has the honor of having his name attached to the free-lance of the skies, which will go down in history and science as the comet of the war of 1914. Although when Delevan discovered his comet from the observatory of La Plata in the Argentine republic eight months ago there was no war on the horizon, and no sign of great trouble, the traveling body has been steadily growing brighter, and it will become visible to the naked eye very shortly, reaching its greatest brilliancy in the course of the present war.

Superstitious people might find much in the beginning of the great struggle to convince them that war is a sin, and that its makers are frowned on by God. On August 19 Pope Pius X, head of the Roman Catholic church, died, the direct result of worriment over the great slaughter. On August 21 there was an eclipse of the sun, total over a part of Russia and other European territory where war is raging. The coming of a great comet might by the ignorant be construed as an omen.

When Delevan first saw the comet on December 17, 1913, it was 370,000 miles from the sun, and was not very clear even with the telescope. At present it is about 110,000,000 miles from the sun, and may be seen with opera glasses in the northeast part of the sky, late at night, and early in the morning. Scientists have said that the Delevan comet will be visible with telescopes for a period stretching over about six years.

It will come nearest to the earth in October, when it will be not more than 147,000,000 miles from the orbit of this globe.

Although the atmosphere in most cities makes photography of the sky extremely difficult, some excellent results have been obtained in several cities of the United States by those who have attempted to take pictures of the new wanderer of the heavens.

The tail of Delevan's comet is a bushy one, and is about three degrees in length. As was predicted by the discoverer, the comet has become one of the "bright" ones, visible to the naked eye, as distinguished from the "telescope" comets never seen by unassisted lay observers. The new comet now is not far from the constellation of Capella, and from Castor and Pollux.

During the Franco-Prussian war, which is vividly recalled by the war now raging, the comet Tempel II was visible and attracted much attention as a "war comet." Olbor's comet was the one visible when Napoleon met his downfall at Waterloo. In the course of the Japanese-Russian war Brook's comet came within sight of the earth.

GAVE BACK LEMAN'S SWORD

German Conqueror of Liege Forts Courteous to General Who Bravely Defended Them.

London.—The correspondent of Reuter's Telegram company at Amsterdam sends a story, taken from the Aachner Post, telling of the courteous treatment General Leman, commander of the Liege forts, received at the hands of General von Emmich of the German forces.

"General Leman," the story runs, "was found by the Germans nearly suffocated under the ruins of a destroyed fort. The German officers treated him with the greatest friendliness, and took him before General von Emmich, to whom the Belgian handed over his sword."

In recognition of General Leman's brave conduct in a hopeless situation General von Emmich returned his sword to him, and after a short rest he was taken, with other captive officers, to Aix-les-Chapelle and thence to Cologne.

Norwegian Ships Lie Idle.

Christiania, Norway.—The effect of the European war on Norway's merchant marine business is shown by the large fleet of ships laid up in the various Norwegian ports. About two hundred ships of large tonnage are at anchor in harbors along the coast from Bergen to Christiania. In Christiania harbor more than fifty large ships have been laid up in the last two weeks, and along the docks are tied up all smaller passenger steamers whose routes between England and Germany have been discontinued.

"Husband Well," Writes Censor.

Paris.—The Matin gives an amusing instance of the severity of the censorship in France. A young Parisian woman received at her house a letter on the envelope of which she recognized the handwriting of her husband, now at the front. She tore open the envelope. It was empty, but in the corner of the envelope in an unfamiliar hand was written:

"Madame: Your husband is quite well, but he is too communicative."

The young wife understood that her husband's letter was intercepted.

Sound Advice.

Treat your friends as you do your bank account. Don't be reckless with them just because you've got them.—Detroit Free Press.

Remorse Endures.

Though Allah and earth pardon sin, remaineth forever remorse.—Kipling.

Attending an Italian Circus.

(BY CHARLES P. SCOTT.)

Do you remember when you were a boy how, on one long anticipated day in each year, you arose at least with the lark and sometimes before him, to see the circus come in? You recall that when you had trudged to the "circus lot" and had stood shoe-deep in the dewy grass for a while, the first forerunner of the "Mastodonic Menagerie and Three Ring Circus" made his appearance,—the surveyor. In a trice he and his assistants had covered the lot with mystic circles of iron pins stuck into the turf. Each marked the place where in a few moments a gang of husky hammer wielders would drive a supporting stake or pole without which tents would be impossible.

Up lumbered the cook-wagon already sending out fragrant aromas prophetic of a savory breakfast, shortly to be served to the hungry workmen. The wagons loaded with stakes, poles and seats, mighty bales of canvas, looking dirty and gray now, but in a hour to shine like a mighty snowdrift under the morning sun, mysterious cages, band-wagons covered with gilded carving, animals uncaged and forced to make the trip on foot from the train sidings to the grounds, camels, zebras, yaks, sacred cows and thirty elephants, "count them-thirty!" A seemingly never ending procession it was of which every feature was filled with fascination and which every year seemed better fun than the year before.

And then if you had a quarter in your pocket, perhaps a gift, possibly the proceeds of a "big show" you yourself had managed in father's barn the week before, the enchantment of the afternoon's performance was yours, saturating you through and through with wonder and with thrills.

When Zazel had been fired from a giant cannon far up into the roof of the tent, and there nonchalantly grasped a trapeze just in the nick of time and hung gripping a leather strap in her pearly teeth, was not your cup of joy filled to the brim?

Well that description does call to mind an American Circus, but how different from a circus which I visited in a remote little village in Italy not long ago. A comparison of the two will be of interest, perhaps, and not necessarily odious.

First of all let it be understood that our ideas of circus dimensions gained from the Brobdignagian proportions of Barnum or Ringling Brothers must all go by the board. This circus was but a small affair, although it was the largest tented exhibition in all Italy.

There was one large (?) main tent provided with windows in the roof for ventilation having canvas flaps for protection in case of rain. Back of the main tent was the dressing tent and the tent for the horses. The cook and dining tents, universal in America, were conspicuous by their absence, the performers, eating and sleeping in hotels or inns of the commoner sort. These Italian circuses, moreover, carry no menagerie, for Young Continental Europe may see all the animals it chooses in the various zoological gardens scattered everywhere.

There are, however, a few beasts with the show, most of which contribute to the program by performing tricks. This one carried a fine lot of performing and ring horses, one elephant, one camel, five lions, five polar bears, three zebras, two ponies, two monkeys and two boar hounds.

The main tent would probably hold a thousand to twelve hundred people and both inside and out it was brilliantly lighted by electricity, the show carrying its own power plant.

Upon entering the circus lot the first thing that attracts the attention is the regulation ticket wagon (not as ornate as ours) to the left of the Main Entrance. The Italian circus manager is evidently not afraid of sneak-thievery from the ticket-sellers window, for his patrons are allowed to mount a raised platform which brings buyer and seller on an even footing, thus doing away with the disagreeable arm-stretching so common in America.

Exchanging our silver coin for a ticket we pass within the ornate entrance, and at a glance we take in the entire contents of the little tent.

In the center is the single ring, outlined by the usual elongated boxes arranged in a circle, but instead of a flooring of sawdust there is nothing but neatly raked earth. In the most advantageous places for seeing are placed rows of red upholstered chairs of a very comfortable sort. One may occupy one of these for the equivalent of sixty cents in our money including admission. They, like nearly all the other seats in the tent were filled with eager faces, when the band, from its station over the performer's entrance, struck up an inspiring overture in which the Eb cornets and the piccolos were just as much in evidence as with us.

Instead of a spectacular entrance of Marc Antony, Cleopatra, Roman Legionaries and Egyptian Slaves, there was no grand entree, whatever. The curtains simply opened a plump white horse ambled in with a fair equestrienne upon his back and the show was on. The acts that followed were for the most part those with which we are familiar in our American circuses, but in this one ring show, one ran no danger of strabismus by endeavoring to watch four different acts at once.

There were four clowns whose funny tricks and sayings were evidently much enjoyed by the audience, judging from the spontaneous and hearty laughter with which they were greeted. There were trick riding and performing horses, an elephant with manicured toes who played football with the clown as if he really enjoyed it; a race of three dachshunds, the winner receiving a sugarplum; a wonderful juggling act, etc, etc.

One act in particular stood out above the others. The four clowns already mentioned, who were dressed to represent Italian rubes or hoboes, suddenly ceased from their buffoonery, and one, stepping out from his fellows began to sing. His was a marvellous tenor voice, of true grand opera calibre. In an instance the audience was awed into an admiring silence. Stringed instruments accompanied him and no sooner had he finished than the tent rang with enthusiastic cries of "Bis-Bis." An encore followed and then the four Grimaldis becoming suddenly serious grouped themselves as a male quartet and sang most beautifully, reminding us therein of some, if not all, of our male quartets at home. True music, well rendered, meets friends the world over, no matter from whose lips it come. In an English circus years ago, I heard a clown sing "The Heart Bowed Down" in such a beautiful and touching manner, that his need of praise could have been no greater had he been in evening dress on a concert platform.

A conventional lion and polar-bear act, a la Hagenbeck, followed. During this number, attendants went about between the caged enclosure and the audience with nickelplated atomizers, about a yard long, spraying the air with a flower-scented disinfectant. (Ringling Brothers please write!)

Midway of the performance an attendant entered the ring announcing a ten-minute intermission. This was the signal for nearly the entire audience to arise and in an orderly procession to desert the "big-top" for the horse tent where the horses and animals could be seen at short-range. At the entrance of the latter tent stood a stable-boy jingling a can of coins as if to suggest that each visitor should pay his footing. The horses were the pink of perfection, but alas, there were no peanuts for the elephant. Poor Mr. Pachyderm, how he would have envied his American show brethern, endlessly gorging themselves on the toothsome nuts all through the summer season.

The ten minutes intermission having come to an end, the audience religiously filed back to the main tent where the second half of the performance followed.

At this performance pink-lemonade and peanuts were not to be had, and we were spared the rancous cries of their vendors. One boy did, however, sell bottled soda-water and a pretty little Italian girl of five or six did a thriving business in post cards portraying the wonders of the show.

Distances in Italy are short between towns and nearly all circuses are road-shows. They have no afternoon performances, save on Sundays and holidays, and therefore remain longer in the same town than with us. We happened to attend on the last night of a week's stand, and had the good fortune to witness the procedure of packing up, which like "setting up" is always an interesting process.

The circus wagons were lined up alongside the road, everything that could be dispensed with having been packed in them beforehand.

After the last chord of music had marked the exit of the audience, the tent was struck and everything was swiftly and silently stowed in its appointed place. When all was packed the drivers mounted the vans, and the pilot with lighted lantern waving in his hand took his place at the head of the procession.

Slowly the outfit wound its way toward Bellinzona down the Avenue of Lombardy poplars standing like giant sentinels on either side. Soon the last wagon had vanished, the rumbling had died away and this Italian circus at least had become for us only a memory.

Johnny Couldn't Rise.

There was a school teacher who exclaimed, impatiently, one afternoon:

"Johnny Jones, what are you fumbling with there?"

Johnny hung his head and was silent. But the tolltale of the class spoke up.

"It's a pin he's got, ma'am."

"Well, take it from him," said the teacher, "and bring it here to me."

This was done, and then, in a modified voice, the teacher said:

"Now, Johnny Jones, get up and recite your history lesson."

But Johnny did not obey. He blushed, hung his head and sat still.

"Johnny," said the teacher, "rise, I tell you."

Then the little fellow blurted out distressfully:

"I can't, ma'am. That there pin you took holds my trousers up."—Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.

Thoughtful Dog.

They were swapping dog stories. Abner Morgan had "all the best of it," with his yarns of the extraordinary intelligence exhibited by a collie belonging to his uncle. The others grew restive. Finally Job Perkins deemed the moment appropriate wherein to spring a tale that would cap all the others.

"That was a purty clever dawg, Ab," drawled he, "an' I make no doubt he was jest as knowin' as you et on; but, say, he wasn't a marker to a dawg my old man owned. Boys, the devotion of that dawg to the old man was shore amazin'. Onct he heard the old man say he was pressed for money, so he went an' died the day before the dog tax was due."—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Maggie's Answer.

A Hartford family recently secured the services of a new maid, a girl from Ireland, whom they consider a treasure. They also enjoy her wit.

"Me cousin Maggie came over with me on the boat," she said. "Sure she is the bright girl. A man came around when we got off the ship and said: 'Where did you come from?' and Maggie said 'From Ireland.'"

"What part?" said he.

"Sure, all of me," said Maggie, "and himself didn't bother us no more after that."—Hartford Courant.

Great Discovery.

Scientist—Some of the grandest inventions of the age have been the result of accidental discoveries.

Fair Lady—I can really believe it. Why I made an important discovery myself, and it was the purest accident, too.

Scientist—May I ask what it was?

Fair Lady—Why, I found that by keeping a bottle of ink handy, a fountain pen can be used just the same as any other pen—without the bother and mess of filling it.—Exchange.

A Horse Story.

The late Senator Elkins used to tell a story of Bige Brown.

Bige, he explained, lived in Elkins. Meeting him one day in the Main street, the senator said:

"Bige, do you know of anybody that's got a horse for sale?"

Bige, chewing gum, gave the senator a patronizing smile.

"Well, senator," he said, "I guess Bill Hurst has. I sold him one yesterday."—Kansas City Star.

A Close Reasoner.

A teacher observed what she thought of lack of patriotic enthusiasm in one of the boys under her instruction.

"Now, Tommy," said she, "tell us what you would think if you saw the Stars and Stripes waving over the field of battle."

"I should think," was the logical reply of Thomas, "that the wind was blowing."—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

Still Keeping It Up.

Downtrod—Never write letters, my boy, that you'll regret in after life.

Dewtell—You speak as from experience.

Downtrod—I do! In early correspondence with the lady who is now my wife, I signed myself "Your obedient servant."—From Story Stories.

The Other Girl.

To all their friends there seemed to be something essentially incongruous in the idea of their marriage. Friends of course, as is well known, have the right to decide those things.

Grace Armiston was a New England girl of an old Boston family, who knew her Emerson by heart. It was even reported that she knew what Robert Browning meant when he wrote:

Setebos and Setebos and Setebos.

Jim Garrison had been born and reared on a big Kentucky plantation and he had obtained his education in that school which not only believes but vows that a gentleman's education is complete when he has been taught "to ride, to shoot and to speak the truth."

Yet their marriage had turned out a happy one, for with all Jim's ignorance of books, he was a gentleman, every inch of the stalwart length of him. He did feel a bit oppressed, though, at times when his clever and learned wife let him "slide out of the conversation," as he expressed it, and showed by her manner that she knew it was over his head and that she excused him in sympathetic kindness.

The truth was that Jim would have been quite a bit the better for it if he had possessed a more of a share of that of which most men have too much—conceit.

Poor Jim didn't have a bit, and he used to rub his handsome head ruefully and with very genuine sorrow at the harrassing thought that he was not good enough for his brilliant beauty of a wife and that she must feel some degree of shame for him when she was surrounded by the wise and learned people who called on him continually.

When they had been married a little more than a year a telegram came for Jim while he was absent in Kentucky looking over some of his land. Mrs. Garrison hesitated before she opened the yellow envelope, for she was not a woman who believed in letting her curiosity get the better of her, although she had her full share of that delightful instinct of her breeding.

However, she finally decided that she should open the telegram to see if it was important enough to forward to Jim. Surely everyone will forgive that. Women ought to be curious. It's part of their charm. Think of what the world would be without woman's delicious curiosity!

The message was short. But few as the words were they were sufficient to cause something very much like her little world tumbling disastrously down around the pretty ears of Mrs. Garrison. The telegram was dated from a village on Long Island and said:

The girl is dying. Come at once.

It was signed Jack Farrington. Grace recognized this name as that of one of her husband's friends of whom she had often heard him speak, but whom she had never met.

Grace was not a naturally jealous woman—that is, nothing more than to say that she was not any more jealous than is any good, true, warm souled woman. She tried to remain unsuspicious; but, try as she would, she could find but one interpretation for the message.

Her faith in Jim was too absolute to believe that "the girl" referred to could be her rival since their marriage. She never gave place in her mind for one moment to any idea that her Jim was capable of the shameful, disgusting treachery such a surmise would pre-suppose.

But she could not help but see that this girl had some old claim on Jim and the thought of such a claim on the man who she loved so passionately was sufficient to drive her nearly frantic.

She perceived that the sender of the telegram had taken it for granted that Jim would not hesitate to "come at once." And then she recollected with a keen sense that gave her new pain now that Jim always had spoken shyly and hesitatingly about Farrington and had evaded all her attempts to induce him to invite this friend of his early days to their home.

Her feeling was one of total desolation. She moaned at the thought there could be anywhere in the world a woman with such a claim upon her Jim that he must go to her deathbed. Mrs. Garrison realized now and all at once how deeply and helplessly she loved her handsome husband and how empty all her world of knowledge and art would seem to her if that love were destroyed.

At last, however, she began to think of the unknown girl who lay dying. With a mighty effort she put aside her own grief and telegraphed to her husband:

Mr. Jim Garrison, Phenix Hotel, Lexington, Ky.:

Come home immediately. A matter of life and death. GRACE.

She could not bear to telegraph to him that "the girl" was dying. To refer to her in such a way was repugnant to every instinct, and she was in total ignorance of the girl's name.

Before noon she received the expected reply. It read:

Leave at noon. Arrive tomorrow noon.

Grace Garrison, having forced herself to sacrifice her own emotions and her own wounded love and anguished pride, was not the woman to shrink from making the sacrifice complete and deep, however her feet might bleed on the weary way.

She telegraphed to Farrington that Jim would reach home at noon of the next day and would come to Long Island immediately and meantime determined to expedite his trip in every manner. Whoever this woman was to Jim, Grace resolved that Jim must reach her bedside before death closed her eyes if she could make it possible.

The railroad time tables showed her that connections could not be made until very late in the evening, and she decided that he must be hurried down in her automobile.

It was a swift machine that had been bought especially for her use by her mother. Jim had steadfastly refused to learn to drive it. But Grace decided that it would not do to have the chauffeur drive Jim on such an errand, for fear of gossip among the servants. She came to the brave decision that she would drive the machine herself.

It was a very worried and excited man who ran to her at the gate of the railroad station. "Tell me what it means, Grace!" cried he.

Grace Garrison had faced the sacrifice, but she was a woman. Her face grew stern and cold. She replied that a crowded station was hardly the place for such confidences and waited silently till he was in the automobile. Then, when they were whizzing on their way to Long Island, she looked fixedly at Jim and without a word handed to him the telegram from Farrington.

Jim read it silently. His face denoted some distress, but it denoted more bewilderment.

"I'm awfully sorry the girl is dying," he said. "It sort of breaks me up. But if she had to die I wish that I had been left in peace till I had finished business in Kentucky. I was just closing a very profitable little transaction."

Grace looked at him in shocked amazement. Jim stared at her and opened his mouth to say something, but thought better of it. Grace turned her face away to hide her tears, which she could not repress, try as she would. She did not trust herself to speak except once or twice to ask the direction from Jim. The last time she fancied that she heard him chuckle, but dismissed the idea as a morbid fancy.

Farrington met them with a cordial handshake and a strange cheerfulness, which was explained when he said hurriedly to Jim that The Girl was much better. Then he asked coldly if they would not like to see her.

Jim replied in the affirmative without a moment's hesitation, but Grace held back. Then Jim chuckled. It was an unmistakable out and out chuckle.

Bewildered, wondering, Grace followed the two men as Farrington led the way to the stables.

A rather feeble looking mare whinned when she saw Jim and made a weak effort to get upon her feet.

On the way back Jim said with a happy smile: "You'll have to read up on one subject, anyway, darling. Anybody who knows anything at all about horses knows The Girl. She is the most famous mare in the United States and she belongs to the firm of yours truly, Garrison & Farrington. I'm glad she is better; but, sweetheart, even if she had died I would have considered her well paid for by the knowledge I've won through your misunderstanding about that telegram. Am I very stupid, darling, if I think that you love me, even though I don't know much of literature and art?"

And Grace Garrison gave him a reply that convinced him that he was not stupid.—By R. A. Beall.

Powerful Stuff.

A young man noticed that the case of his watch seemed to be brass and he hastened to the jeweler from whom he had bought the watch to demand a new case, because he was protected by a twenty-year guarantee.

The jeweler looked at the case, brushed it a little, then replied.

"Are you taking any medicine containing iron? If you are, the iron probably has come out with the perspiration and has tarnished the case."

The young man remembered he was taking medicine containing iron. With a few minutes work the watch case was polished until it looked like new.

Too Many Minutes.

The negro coachman of a southern senator who attends the Episcopal church, after many invitations from the senator's wife, went into the church one Sunday morning instead of staying outside.

"How did you like the service, Jim?" she asked afterward.

"Not much, mistis," Jim replied. "That ain't no church foh me. Dey wastes too much time readin' th' minutes of th' previous meetin'."—Saturday evening Post.

A Prehistoric Lake.

One of the most interesting remnants of a prehistoric lake in the United States is that now known as Estancia valley, which lies south of Santa Fe and east of Albuquerque, N. M. From examination of the deposits in this section geologists are of the opinion that this lake existed at the same time as Lake Bonneville, in Utah, and other ancient lakes of the arid west during the cold, humid glacial period. The theory of the existence of an ancient lake in the valley is based on the presence of shore features and lake sediments. Sea cliffs, terraces, beaches, beach ridges, spits and bars are found on all sides of the lake flat at altitudes between 6,100 and 6,200 feet above sea level.—Argonaut.

Modern Uhlans.

The uhlans are a distinctive corps. The name is by no means distinctly German. A body of uhlans was formed for the French army by Marshal Saxe. They were introduced into the Prussian service in 1740, and forty years later the Austrians also had a corps of uhlans—light cavalry armed with lance. The modern uhlan may be classed with the heavy cavalry.—London Opinion.

Unanimous View.

A popular novelist was talking in Chicago about genius.

"There are a hundred different opinions as to what a genius is," said he, "but all authorities are agreed that it's absolutely unsafe to lend him money."—Chicago Herald.

City on a Steep Hill.

The town of Simla, India, is built on the side of a steep hill and the roof of one house is often on a level with the foundation of one on the next terrace.

Hardened Him.

Madge—You shouldn't say he's a confirmed bachelor unless you know. Marjorie—But I do know. I confirmed him.—New York Times.

Two Systems.

When wifey is on the warpath some pin their faith on Dutch courage; others prefer French leave.—Kansas City Journal.

Skill is the united force of experience, intellect and passion in their operation on manual labor.—John Ruskin.

Tangled Up in Boston.

Hank—Ever in Boston, Bill? Bill—Yep. Hank—Get tangled up any? Bill—A little. I stole a pup from a front porch, run two miles with him and stopped to rest right on de same front porch I stole him from.—Philadelphia Bulletin.

A Spanking Team.

"Now, Tommy, this little story says, 'The rich man had a spanking team.' Now, what's a 'spanking team?'"

"I know. My pa and ma's one."—Baltimore American.

Children Cry
FOR FLETCHER'S
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All Sorts.

"The folks at our hotel are greatly interested in a problem."

"What is it?"

"An irresistible blonde has just met an immovable bachelor."—Judge.

"Mr. Smith, to whom you were talking so much, is a married man."

"Oh, I knew that!"

"How did you know it?"

"By the way he listened."—Baltimore American.

"I saved the life of a great man last night."

"How was that?"

"A tramp threatened to kill me if I didn't give him a dollar, so I gave it to him."—Chicago News.

"When we were married we thought our tastes congenial," said she.

"Well," answered he, "they are. We both like to argue."—Washington Star.

Maude—Alice never passes a mirror without looking into it.

Jack—Brave girl.—Boston Transcript.

Wife—Ta-ta, dearie. I shall write before the end of the week.

Husband—Good gracious, Alice! You must make that check last longer than that.—London Opinion.

Although not one of mighty deeds
An envied man is he;
He can pronounce the names he reads
Of towns in Hungary.
—Washington Star.

"You used to send me candy before we were married," she said, bitterly.

"Yes," he replied, just as bitterly; "and before we were married your father would occasionally hand me a few good cigars."—Boston Transcript.

Head of the Family—If nobody wants this pudding, I'll just finish it off. It's a pity to waste it.

Guest—My mother used to say there's nothing wasted where folks keep pigs.—Ideas.

"I'd come over and kiss you, only I'm afraid of upsetting the boat."

"I can swim, Herbert!"—London Opinion.

"This is the hatchway," continued the nautical sharp, who was showing his friend over the vessel.

"And where are the hens?" asked the landlubber, with deep interest.—Pittsburgh Dispatch.

Tiddle—What is your son doing now?

De Wink—Wielding a pastebrush and scissors.

Tiddle—Paperhanger or editor?—Dartmouth Jack-o'-Lantern.

"Hello, Jones! Why so gloomy this morning?"

"I am worried about the overhead charges. Just got my wife a hat bill."—Judge.

Kerrigan (to saloonkeeper)—There's no givin' around it, Conny, it's th' ultimit consumer who always pays th' taxes. Take beer—

Slattery—A small wan, thank ye.—Puck.

When the whole blamed world seems gone to pot,
And business is on the bum
A two-cent grin and a lifted chin
Helps some, my boy, helps some.
—Wall Street Journal.

"Does his wife cook in an emergency?"

"No, ma'am; in the kitchen."—Baltimore American.

"Did the doctor limit you to any particular diet?"

"No, but his bill did."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

Tommy—Why do ducks dive?

Joe—Guess they must want to liquidate their bills.—Philadelphia Press.

Professor's Wife—I suppose you have hard work and small pay?

Piano Mover—Oh, we're not regular musicians, lady; we just deliver the goods.—Life.

Mrs. Wealthy—Are your berries fresh, little one.

Margaret (experiencing for the first time the trials of a berry-vender)—Yes, ma'am. Our bushes don't raise anything but fresh ones.—Exchange.

"Haven't seen you since we left college. I hope fortune has smiled on you, old chap.

"Yes, sarcastically."—Boston Transcript.

"Kipling says that a woman is only a woman, but a good cigar is a smoke."

"That must be what is causing women to emulate the cigar. Have you noticed my panatella shape?"—Washington Herald.

A pompous manufacturer of machinery was showing a stranger over his factory.

"Fine piece of work, isn't it?" he said, when they were looking at a very ingenious machine.

"Yes," said the visitor, "but you cannot hold a candle to the goods we are turning out."

"Indeed," said the chagrined manufacturer. "And what is your line?"

"Gunpowder," was the reply.

"What excuse did he give for shooting at you?"

"The flimsiest ever. Said he thought I was a deer, when everybody in this community knows I'm a Bull Moose."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

"But I haven't enough work to keep an able-bodied man like you busy."

"Oh, I shan't mind that."—Houston Post.

Flo—Mr. Brown has become so irreligious! I haven't seen him at Church since he married.

No—Well, you see his wife sings in he choir.—Standard Chaparal.

Bix—I see there's a report from Holland that concrete bases for German cannon have been found there.

Dix—Don't believe a word you hear from Holland. The geography says it is a low lying country."

"There must be an epidemic of some sort about," said the June bride.

"Why, I hadn't heard of it," replied the neighbor.

"Oh yes, there is. My George had to sit up with sick friends three nights last week."—Detroit Fress Press.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used by millions of mothers for their children while teething. If disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of Cutting Teeth send at once and get a bottle of "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for Children Teething. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, mothers, there is no mistake about it. It cures Diarrhœa, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, cures Wind Colic, softens the Gums, reduces Inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for children teething is pleasant to the taste and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States. Price twenty-five cents a bottle. Sold by all druggists throughout the world. Be sure and ask for "MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP." Guaranteed under the Food and Drugs Act, June 30th, 1906. Serial number 1098.

PATTI STOOD PAT.

She Wanted Her Money Before She Sang, and She Got It.

One of Adelina Patti's peculiarities was that she never sang a note until she had her salary either paid or so fully assured that there was no doubt as to her getting it. When she sang at the Academy of Music, in New York, at one time the manager was sorely put about to find money to pay her, but she always stoutly refused to sing until she had her salary.

One night at a quarter past 8 her representative went to him and said: "Madam is all dressed except her shoes. She will put those on when she gets the money."

The manager, half distracted, rushed about the house and succeeded in raising one-half the amount due the prima donna, which he hastily sent to her. But another quarter of an hour passed, and, though the audience showed great impatience, there was no Patti, whereat the manager ran to her room.

"My dear madam, why do you not go on? I have sent you half the money, and the rest will reach you before the end of the first act."

Patti smiled dolefully, exhibited the tips of her feet and said: "You see, I have only one shoe on. I cannot go on the stage without the other. It would be quite impossible."

Almost crazed, the manager rushed out and discovered that the other half of the money could be raised.—New York Tribune.

NERVES AND WATCHES.

When They Don't Agree There Is Sure to Be Poor Time.

One of the troubles of watchmakers is the man who gets on his watch's nerves. There are lots of customers on whom a good watch is wasted. A good second hand watch that has kept perfect time for other people will with certain other people go irregularly when it is not standing still. It is common knowledge in the trade that watches are greatly influenced by their owners.

Nobody knows the reason, but two explanations have been offered. One is that watches are sensitive to personal magnetism, the natural electricity that human beings contain in varying quantities.

The other is that a watch may be disturbed by the vibrations set up by a footstep which is heavier than the ordinary. The man who puts his heels down heavily usually needs to set the regulator toward slow to keep it from gaining.

One of the mysterious sides of the subject is that watches seldom keep good time on people of nervous, excitable temperaments.—Pearson's Weekly.

Gestures Part of Talk.

There is a man who from a very early age has lived in countries where Spanish is the almost universal tongue. From force of this training he speaks Spanish perfectly. He has not the slightest trace of an English accent, and persons who do not know that he is of American parentage are willing to believe he is a Spaniard merely from hearing him talk. He is so perfectly bilingual that it shows even in his gestures. When talking with English speaking persons he sits quietly and does his conversing with his mouth alone. Only in case of making a point most emphatically does he use a gesture. But the moment he drops into Spanish his every word is accompanied by a movement of the hands or arms. It is interesting to watch the change from the English to the Spanish side of him, because it comes so suddenly. He really can't speak Spanish without gesturing.—New York Sun.

Training a Dog.

It may surprise some people to be told that dogs have a strong sense of justice, so, unless you want your pup to gain a poor opinion of you, be careful when you punish him. Never punish unless the pup can associate the punishment with the offense. The circumstantial evidence may be very strong, but you had better wait and catch him in the act. Common sense is about all that is required to rear a puppy into a dog which will be a faithful, useful, steadfast companion—common sense and consideration. Whenever I find one of those "anything will do for the pup" kind of people I can see in my mind's eye what the humans in that family look like.—Outing.

A Unique Cross.

In the heart of the Rocky mountains may be seen the Mountain of the Holy Cross, which is 14,000 feet in height. It derives its name from a gigantic cross on one side, near the summit, formed by fissures in the rock. It can be seen for many miles with great distinctness and is looked upon with superstitious fear by the natives.—Exchange.

Infantry Decides the Battle.

While there have been many discussions as to the relative value of the different branches of an army, there is no doubt, according to a writer in the Scientific American, but that it is the infantry that wins battles.

While it is probable the success of a battle will depend to a large extent on the support of the field artillery, it is certain that the principal and most important arm is the infantry, which in practically every case must decide the final issue. The cavalry may be the first to be drawn into a battle and the artillery may destroy the enemy's artillery, but a battle is never won until the infantry has driven back the enemy's lines.

The usual mode of advancing for the infantry is to deploy them in a line with a long interval between each soldier. This naturally is for the purpose of offering a smaller target for the enemy. It makes it more difficult, however, for the leaders to keep as good control over the men, and for that reason one of the objects of field artillery is to make the enemy's troops deploy early.

Children Cry
FOR FLETCHER'S
CASTORIA

Historical and Genealogical.

Notes and Queries.

In sending matter to this department the following rules must be absolutely observed: 1. Names and dates must be clearly written. 2. The full name and address of the writer must be given. 3. Make all queries as brief as is consistent with clearness. 4. Write on one side of the paper only. 5. In answering queries always give the date of the paper, the number of the query and the signature. 6. Letters addressed to contributors, or to be forwarded, must be sent in blank stamped envelopes, accompanied by the number of the query and its signature.
Direct all communications to
Miss E. M. TILLEY,
Newport Historical Rooms,
Newport, R. I.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 5, 1914.

NOTES.

Rhode Island Chronology, by John Barber, Esq. Taken from manuscript of Dr. Henry E. Turner, now in possession of the Newport Historical Society.—E. M. T. Continued.

1805. M'c Corrie, Andrew, died at Portis, April 25, age 74, formerly a Georgia Planter.

1805. Mumford, Hon. Paul, L't. Gov'r. died July 20, age 73 yr's was formerly Judge of Supreme Court, and delegate to Continental Congress in 1785.

1805. Masonic Hall. Three elegant glass Chandeliers imported from Amsterdam, by Capt. Rob't. Lawton.

1805. Mumford, Mary died——age 75.

1805. Mumford, Ruth died——age 45.

1806. Military Company called Independent Volunteers.

1806. Martin, Gen'l Simeon, nominated by the citizens of Newport for Lieut. Gov'r.

1806. Mowry, Hon. Daniel, died at Smithfield age 76 yr's, a former delegate to the old Congress.

1806. Maxwell, Joseph and Seth Carteff, of U. S. Navy died at Syracuse, both natives of R. Island.

1806. Malbone, Col. Francis was waited upon by Artillery of which he was commander, to congratulation of his safe return from India, he having been Supercargo of Ship Mount Hope belonging to Gibbs and Channing, her 5th Successful voyage, Oct. 13.

1806. Morey or Murray, James a major in the British East India Service, of Some distinction, a native of Newport, and natural son of Mr. N—— Lillibridge, was killed by the falling of his horse, Sept. 23, age 36 yr's.

1806. Miles, Cap't. Thos. drowned at Washington, N. C. age 39.

1807. Malbone, Edw'd. Greene, Painter, died at Savannah, May 9, age 31 yr's a natural son of Gen'l John Malbone, Newp.

1807. Merriam, Rev. Clement formerly assistant Min'r Trinity Ch. Newp. died at Savannah.

1809. Mason, John Esq. Prov. died Mar. 9, age 67.

1809. Malbone, Francis, of Newp. U. S. Senator, Mar. 4, he died very suddenly June 4, age 50 yr's, at Washington.

1809. Mann, John Milton formerly of Prov. drowned near Hudson, N. Y., age 44 yr's bro. of Doc't. John P. Mann of Newp.

1809. Marchant, Wm. of S. K. Cash'r Bank of R. I. vice M. Seixas, deceased, Dec. 9.

1809. Manchester, Sam'l, Rep. from M-town, died Oct. age 50 yr's.

To be continued.

NEWPORT ITEMS OF INTEREST.—Among some papers of Benjamin B. Howland, Town Clerk of Newport for many years, are the following notes of interest to Newporters. These papers are now in possession of the Newport Historical Society—E. M. T.—continued.

Notes made in 1846 by Benjamin B. Howland.

THE FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH.

The First Baptist Church and Society in Newport under the pastoral care of the Rev. Joseph Smith, who have for over two years been endeavoring to bring matters right, to build a New Meeting house, having at last made all the arrangements, agreed with Mr. John E. Weeden of Newport to erect a new House which was commenced in October 1845. The old meeting house which is the same that was building at the time Mr. Callender delivered his Century sermon was sold to Mr. Sanford Bell, and was moved off a little to the North East of the Meeting house lot, so as to front on Sherman Street, where it now stands and is used as a Store house, and the new house was commenced. A number of pamphlets, newspapers, with a pen and ink sketch of the old house etc, and a written account of the proceedings of the church and Society in relation to building the New house, was sealed up in a glass jar and placed in a cavity prepared for it in the foundation wall, at the Southwest corner, some six or eight feet above the ground. The last religious services was held in the old house on Sunday the thirteenth of July 1845 and our pastor, Mr. Smith delivered an appropriate discourse in the afternoon, from the 6th chap. of Isiah part of 13th verse," as an oak whose substance is in them, when they cast their leaves." At the close of the services Mr. Smith notified the congregation that their meeting would be held the next Sabbath in the old 2nd Congregational Meeting house in Clarke Street, and be continued there until the new house was opened for public worship.

The New house was dedicated the thirteenth day of May 1846.

The First Baptist Church Newport was founded by Doct. John Clarke their first pastor and its munificent benefactor. Their first Meeting house was built in 1638-9 and stood at what is now called Green end, which was then in Newport, but is now in Middletown, which house they sold March 31, 1707-8 to John Vaughan for £25, and in 1708 built a New Meeting house in Tanner Street, back of Broad Street, on a lot given to the Church by Doct. Clarke which is the lot now used as a burial place for the pastors of the Church who die in Newport, which house they used for public worship until they built the Meeting house in 1738 recently moved off.

The Rev. Mr. Dummt in his brief notice of the Congregational Church in Newport, on the authority of Doct. Styles' M. S. S., claims the church established by Mr. Clarke as Congregational and pæde baptist and says it so continued for four years. The Rev. Mr. Hall in his History of the First Congregational Church in Providence, noticing this claim of Mr. Dummt, in a note to his discourse says, "Is it not probable however that both at Newport and Providence, the first settlers though Congregationalists for the most part, did not at once organize a Church, and that the first Church regularly formed was Baptist." I think Mr. Hall is right; there is no doubt but Mr. Clarke and his followers came to this Island intending to establish a Congregational Church, as they depended on the assistance of Mr. Wheelwright a Congregational minister, but he chose to go to Long Island.

Mr. Clarke presided over the public worship at their first coming and probably there were those among them who preferred the Church should be established on Congregational principles fully, and no doubt others had imbibed the Baptist faith, and would prefer a Church of that order, and there were others of different faith from either of those, for Gov. Winthrop says under date 1638, "Those who were gone to Aquiday fell into new errors daily. It is very probable that it was not established as a Baptist Church until 1641 when Nicholas Easton, Mr. Coddington, Mr. Coggeshall and some others, holding different views from Mr. Clarke and the rest of the church dissolved the connection with it, as Gov. Winthrop says under date of 1641 "those of Aquiday Island broached new herisies every year, divers of them turned professed Ana Baptists." There is no account when or where Mr. Clarke was baptised but very likely it was at that time.

Under circumstances like these with so many different views and religious opinions which seem to have sprung up among our fathers immediately after they came to the Island, it must have been impossible to have established a church of any particular order or faith for some time.

To be continued.

Queries.

8021. RATHBONE.—Eunice Rathbone, daughter of Rev. Valentine Wightman Rathbone, and his wife Tabitha Brown, supposed to have been born in Newport, R. I., about 1747. It is possible that Saxon, James, and Benjamin were the only children of Valentine Rathbone who were born in Newport, R. I., and that his other children were born after he moved from there. Wanted the exact date and place of birth of Eunice Rathbone.—L. F.

8022. LILLIBRIDGE, SEGAR.—John Lillibridge of South Kingstown, R. I., married Susannah Segar and had: Dorcas; Lucy; Eleanor, married Jeremiah (4) Brown; Amy, married Clarke Gardiner; Alice. Who were the ancestors of John Lillibridge and Susannah Segar, his wife?—B. W.

8023. JOSLIN.—Who were the ancestors of Thomas Joslin of South Kingstown, R. I., who married Mary (—) and had Freelove Joslin, who married William (3) Gardiner (William 2, George 1.)?—B. W.

8024. GARDINER, SHERMAN.—Ancestry wanted of Dorcas Gardiner who married Abial (3) Sherman, born 1642 (Samson 2, Philip 1), of South Kingstown, R. I.—B. W.

8025. POTTER, KNOWLES.—Ancestry wanted of Sarah Potter, born July 4, 1756, died Nov. 26, 1835, who married Daniel Knowles, born March 10, 1752, of South Kingstown, R. I.—B. W.

8026. KNOWLES.—Who was Sarah (—) who married Daniel (6) Knowles, born Jan. 25, 1768 (Daniel 5, Robert 4, Daniel 3, William 2, Henry 1)? Have been told that she was a daughter of Joseph and Bathsheba (Segar) Knowles of Prudence Island, R. I.—B. W.

8027. HAZARD.—Hannah Hazard who married Daniel (3) Knowles (William 2, Henry 1). Her ancestry desired.—B. W.

8028. DAVIS, RICHMOND.—Ancestry wanted of Abigail Davis who married Edward (2) Richmond (John 1) of Little Compton, R. I.—B. W.

8029. WIGHTMAN, JOHNSON.—Information is wanted of Isabel Wightman of Warwick, R. I., who married Elijah (1) Johnson, born 1751 (Elijah 3, Elisha 2, Elkanah 1.) She is mentioned as being the granddaughter of Margaret.—B. W.

8030. SIMMONS.—Will someone please tell me what authority there is in stating that Moses Simmons (Moyses Symonson), who came in the Fortune in 1621, was the Moses Simmons that married Sarah—, and died in 1689? Also, what authority there is in stating that Thomas Simmons of Scituate was a brother, and John Simmons of Freetown a cousin of the above mentioned Moses Simmons?—B. W.

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And then the moon considerately withdrew behind a cloud.—Kansas City Journal.

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11-28-5w

Statement of the ownership, management, circulation, etc., required by the Act of August 24, 1912, of Mercury, published weekly at Newport, R. I., for October 1, 1914.

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JOHN P. SANBORN,
Signature of editor, publisher, business manager or owner.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 2nd day of November, 1914.

PACKER BRAMAN,
Notary Public.

(My commission expires June 30, 1915.)

Note—This statement must be made in duplicate and both copies delivered by the publisher to the postmaster, who shall send one copy to the Third Assistant Postmaster General (Division of Classification), Washington, D. C., and retain the other in the files of the Postoffice. The publisher must publish a copy of this statement in the second issue printed next after its filing.

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TOWN OF NEW SHOREHAM.

Notice of Application

FOR

Liquor License.

Town Clerk's Office, Nov. 18th, 1914.

APPLICATION was made for license to sell pure spirituous, malt and intoxicating liquors, at retail only, by the following named person:

FRANCIS GAVIN—At the New Harbor Pavilion.

The Town Council of said New Shoreham will be in session at the Town Hall in said town on MONDAY, the 7th day of December, A. D. 1914, at 4 o'clock p. m., at which time and place all persons objecting to the granting of the above application may be heard. All remonstrances must be filed on or before the time of hearing.

By order of the Town Council of New Shoreham.

EDWARD P. CHAMPLIN,
Clerk

11-21-3w

Probate Court of the City of Newport, November 20th, 1914.

Estate of Margaret Moran.

AN INSTRUMENT in writing, purporting to be the last Will and Testament of Margaret Moran, late of said Newport, deceased, is presented for probate, and the same is received and referred to the seventh day of December next, at ten o'clock a. m., at the Probate Court Room, in said Newport, for consideration; and it is ordered that notice thereof be published for fourteen days, once a week, in the Newport Mercury.

DUNCAN A. HAZARD,
Clerk.

11-21-3w

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Carr's List.

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By Joseph Lincoln.

A Soldier of the Legion,
By The Williamsons.

In the Web of Life,
V. T. Van de Water.

The Witch,
By Mary Johnston.

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